

The WAR CRY

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA
INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
QUEEN VICTORIA ST. LONDON, E.C.



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Benjamin Oramas, Commissioner



AT THE GATE OF THE YEAR

THE above striking allegorical picture, inspired by the now famous quotation used by King George in his broadcast to the people of the British Empire a year ago, is appropriate also for 1941: "I SAID TO A MAN WHO STOOD AT THE GATE OF THE YEAR, 'GIVE ME A LIGHT THAT I MAY TREAD SAFELY INTO THE UNKNOWN,' AND HE REPLIED, 'GO OUT INTO THE DARKNESS AND PUT YOUR HAND INTO THE HAND OF GOD. THAT SHALL BE TO YOU BETTER THAN LIGHT AND SAFER THAN THE KNOWN WAY.'"—M. L. Haskins.

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By Henry F. Milans

Sermons

WITHOUT TEXTS

REVIVE OR PERISH!

WE ARE still talking about the need of a wide-spread revival of religion; something that will arouse the latent life of the Church to Christ-consciousness. It is one of those things that "everybody talks about, but does nothing about." Sometimes I wonder if the millions of passive Christians of to-day can ever again be aroused. We are "getting by" without any effort, so why be unnecessarily disturbed.

A short time ago I talked with a man who looked so indolent that his knees seemed ready to buckle under him. I asked him to carry my bag which was a burden for me, but he demurred, saying he didn't think he

net. Great crowds will flock to these meetings while ordinary services are held in half-empty churches or Halls—or perhaps not at all.

Isn't this because the people are hungry for spiritual food they are not getting?

For example: Gipsy Smith, eighty-one-year-old convert of The Salvation Army, and an "old-fashioned revivalist," not long ago held a service in the stately and magnificent St. John's Cathedral, in New York City, and more than six thousand eager listeners crowded the edifice, one thousand of whom stood for almost two hours while the "old-time preacher" talked to them about "Losing Jesus." That audience was four times larger than the usual cathedral congregation. No evangelist of Gipsy Smith's type has ever before occupied its pulpit that I can recall.

THIS Gipsy Smith, a Salvation Army convert, also drew immense crowds every night at similar meetings on the Pacific Coast, in Ohio, and recently in Johnstown, Pa., in which city alone three thousand decisions for Christ were made. In all these places, says a church paper, the largest auditoriums were too small every night for the crowds.

Just an old-time revivalist, with an old-time revival message, delivered with the old-time revival fervor—but the people brought their lunches in the old-fashioned way, and stayed for all the services. "And many were added to the Church."

NOT long ago I went to Toronto to take part in an assembly of Salvationists. We were simple-minded folk who love Jesus, drawn together by a common desire to inspire each other to more intensive Christian service.

On Sunday three meetings were held in one of the large auditoriums in that city. At the Holiness meeting in the morning, the gathering of Salvationists was augmented by hundreds of other people, all of whom remained until one o'clock.

Two hours later that great auditorium was packed to the roof with over three thousand people, who sang revival songs as I've never before heard any people

GOD'S PROMISES ARE FOR YOU

MAY

HIS LIFE - - - John 17:3

HIS LOVE - - - 1 John 3:1

HIS LIGHT - - - 1 John 1:7

be your satisfying experience
daily in the New Year

This is possible if in true repentance you will accept, by simple faith, God's gift of free and full Salvation made available by the sacrifice of Jesus Christ on Calvary.

For all the promises of God in Him are yea, and in Him Amen, unto the glory of God by us.—2 Cor. 1:20.

should; it looked too heavy. When I asked the man how he managed to live, he replied: "Oh, I'm getting by."

WE are "getting by," too, these days in the religious world, and are very careful not to over-exert ourselves. Our hearts will not stand too much excitement—even spiritual.

I believe this spiritual stagnation is not so much the fault of the people as of their leaders. In gatherings where revival fires burn brightly, one has to get to the service a half hour or more ahead of time to get a seat; and they draw just such crowds six of the seven nights in the week and three times on Sundays. One large city church hangs out the "Standing Room Only" sign at almost every service, and people seek Salvation every night at its Mercy-Seat.

"Old-fashioned"; yes, as old-fashioned as Peter's first meeting after Pentecost when three thousand were converted.

THOUSANDS will still crowd into our houses of worship as they did in Moody's time and more recently in Billy Sunday's time, if such revival meetings were held. There is something about them the people want; something that draws and holds them like a mag-

LIFE ABUNDANT

HOWEVER dead and gray looking the desert plant, put it in water and its leaves unfold, fresh and green. Growing among hot, waterless rocks, under a blazing sun, it appears shrivelled, and anything but beautiful. The Mexicans call it the siempreviva—"always living."

True to its name, in that dry plant-organism, there is all that makes it, when placed in water, a delightful, lively and vigorous growth.

So the life withered by sin and void of spiritual life comes in contact with the Water of Life, and is remade into a life of beauty and usefulness.

Three-Fold Thoughts for the Family Altar

Selected Devotional Portions for Each Day of the Week

SUNDAY:

But thou hast kept the good wine until now.—John 2:10.

The "wine of gladness" given by Jesus to human hearts becomes more satisfying with the passage of time.

Sweeter as the days go by,

Jesus' love is sweeter,

Richer, fuller, deeper,

Sweeter as the days go by.

MONDAY:

And needed not that they should testify of man: for He knew what was in man. John 2:25.

A completely understanding Saviour! How wonderfully satisfying to be sure He comprehends us, body, soul and spirit; past, present and future.

Thou knowest all;
My heart Thou canst read.

TUESDAY:

No man can do these miracles . . . except God be with him.—John 3:2.

In a measure this is the blessed silent witness of each Christian who lives the miracle of a re-created life. God is with him, therefore his whole life is a miracle to the man who has no Divine power.

If nothing is too hard for Thee,
All things are possible to me.

WEDNESDAY:

Art thou a master of Israel, and knowest not these things?—John 3:10.

Is anything sadder than a teacher or preacher who has not the experience which he advocates for others?

Other knowledge I disdain,
All it yields is vanity;
Only Jesus will I know,
Jesus crucified.

THURSDAY:

Men loved darkness rather than light. John 3:19.

It is a matter of the heart; we either love God or we love evil. Selfishness is lost in love—
Love for Him whose love you know.

FRIDAY:

He must increase, but I must decrease. John 3:30.

A law of life, but one not always so wisely and graciously accepted by the lesser in the presence of the greater.

Give up yourselves, through Jesus' power,
His name to glorify.

SATURDAY:

The woman said unto Him, Sir, thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep: from whence then hast Thou that living water?—John 4:11.

Trying to apprehend the spiritual by the carnal mind is very difficult if not impossible. The Spirit of God alone reveals truths concerning the Trinity.

CHRIST EVER NEAR

WHAT shall I wish thee?
Treasures of earth?
Songs in the springtime,
Pleasure and mirth?
Flowers on the pathway,
Skies ever clear,
Would this ensure thee
A Happy New Year?

What shall I wish thee?
What can be found?
Bringing thee sunshine
All the year round?
Where is the treasure?
Lasting and dear,
That will ensure thee
A Happy New Year?

Peace in the Saviour,
Rest at His feet,
Smile of His countenance
Radiant and sweet,
Joy in His presence,
Christ ever near,
This will ensure thee
A Happy New Year.
Frances Ridley Havergal.

A Tale and a Text

ONE OF GOD'S HANDS

The righteous sheweth mercy, and giveth.—Psalm 37:21.

MAURICE BARING tells a story of a poor Russian child whom he found one night sitting on the muddy road with his back to the wall, weeping his little heart out. On being asked the cause of his grief the child told them how he had spilt the oil which he had just bought at a store and was carrying home. "How much did it cost?" asked Baring. "Five kopecks," sobbed the child. "Oh, that's all right then," replied the other, "here are ten." The child rose to his feet at once, lifted up his eyes, not to Baring, but to God; and made the sign of the Cross! To that child Baring was simply the hand of God. And was not the child right?

sing them, and listened with eager and sometimes tearful attention for an hour or more to an ordinary layman tell them how the power of Christ could make lives new again.

An hour before the time for the evening service that immense auditorium was again filled with more than three thousand people, while an "over-flow" meeting was held in an adjacent Hall.

WHYY did thousands of people spend the day at those Salvation Army meetings? As I watched their faces, and noted their intense interest, I could easily sense that their hearts were responding to the old-time revival spirit that finally got into the feet of some of them and gave them courage to walk out of even the galleries and down those long aisles, to kneel at the feet of a forgiving Jesus. The Saviour's presence could be felt in those meetings and the great throng, three times a day, wanted to be where He seemed so near.

Oh, if only the Church of Christ could humble itself, and again mass together, with old-time revival enthusiasm to get back to the altar in true penitence, houses of worship would again be thronged and thousands of souls who are now languidly "just getting by," after the fashion of the times, would be won for Christ, and the Church would really be born again, a militant, powerful force for the Kingdom of God on earth.

We will continue to decay unless we return to the "revival meetings," even though they are as "old as the hills."

Holy Spirit, Truth Divine,
Dawn upon this soul of mine.

*These portions follow the current Sword and Shield Brigade readings.

Speak A Shade More Kindly Than The Year Before; Pray A Little Oftener, Love A Little More

CHAPTER I

THE ROAD-MENDER

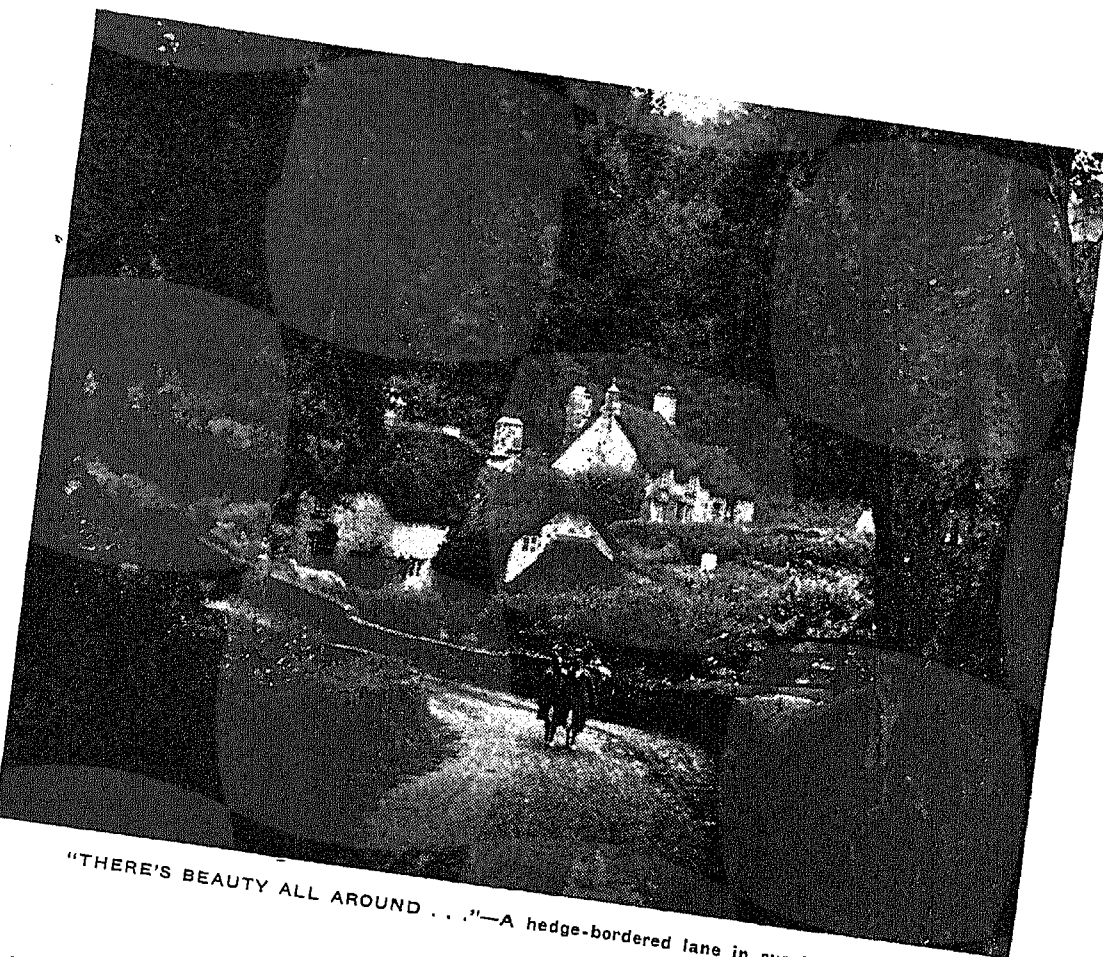
OUR story opens nearly half a century ago in a tiny English village, long of course before the Great War and the present destructive conflict. Two children, a boy and girl, are romping with the carefree abandon of youth in a charming hedge-bordered country lane. The little folk divide their attention between chasing the butterflies and plucking the wild flowers which grow plentifully at the grassy sides of the lane.

Presently the children tire of their fun and look about for some new diversion. Simultaneously they espy a tall, well-built, elderly man engaged in trundling a wheel-barrow along the path. He halts beside a large heap of stones and begins to fill his hand-barrow with the aid of a strong wooden-handled shovel.

More Than a Chance Acquaintance

The boy and girl, interested in the operation, trip to the spot where the man is working and, wide-eyed, sit down at the roadside to watch. The man has a face betokening a kindly spirit somewhere within, and the children soon get acquainted with him. He is sinewy of muscle

and broad of back, bronzed by long exposure to the rays of the sun, and proves to be more than a



"THERE'S BEAUTY ALL AROUND . . ."—A hedge-bordered lane in rural England

boy upon his knee and asked him if he would like to be a soldier of the King.

"A soldier? Why, it would be just grand to be one," replied the boy, thinking of the smartly-

"I do not mean soldiers who go to war and use guns," said the man, observing his meaning had been misunderstood. "Listen, my boy, to this:

"I am a little soldier
And only five years old;
(Stephen was somewhat older)
I mean to fight for Jesus
And wear a crown of gold.
I know He makes me happy,
He loves me all the day;
I'll be His little soldier,
For the Bible says I may."

As he finished reciting the lines the children looked up into the man's face, wondering greatly.

New Short Serial Story

Liberation!

• BY GLADSTONE FARADAY •

A NARRATIVE OF HUMAN INTEREST

chance acquaintance. He becomes a friend. True, his manner of speech is somewhat rough and broad, but his manner is pleasing and he has some fascinating stories to tell of birds and beasts, fishes and flowers, with whose habits he appears to be thoroughly acquainted.

Next day the children, observing the man working again on the same spot, scamper joyfully to renew acquaintance. After a while he ceases work, turns his wheelbarrow upside down to make an improvised seat and produces from under the shade of some nearby bushes his lunch-basket. The children are interested beyond measure in the operation and watch intently the next move.

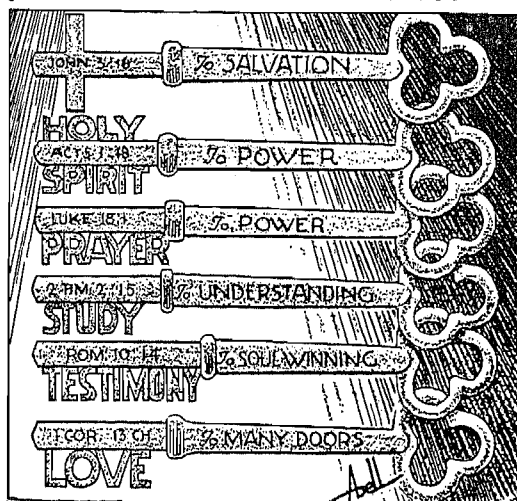
A Simple Mid-day Meal

Slowly the man raises his cap, closes his eyes and offers a simple grace-before meal. He then beckons the children to seat themselves beside him on the barrow while he shares with them his simple mid-day meal of bread and cheese. This was a delightful treat to the children, although at home they received far better fare. The novelty of the whole thing pleases them immensely.

The days sped by and the children often saw their stalwart friend, the road-maker. Many delightful excursions did they have with him into his lunch-basket, and best of all, such wonderful stories had he to tell. One day he took the

uniformed military men whom he had often seen marching along the streets of a neighboring town. The lad's earnest eyes widened with excitement at the prospect.

KEYS TO THE KINGDOM



Use them freely during the
"ENLISTMENT FOR CHRIST"
Campaign

A New Year's Prayer

DEAR Lord, for this another year I pray
That Love Divine may fully have its
way
In heart and life—through every circumstance,
With faith and hope renewed in confidence.
Give added strength to meet the greater
need,
Thy will expressed through every word
and deed,
Determination to press on as ne'er before,
And let my light shine brighter—more and
more!

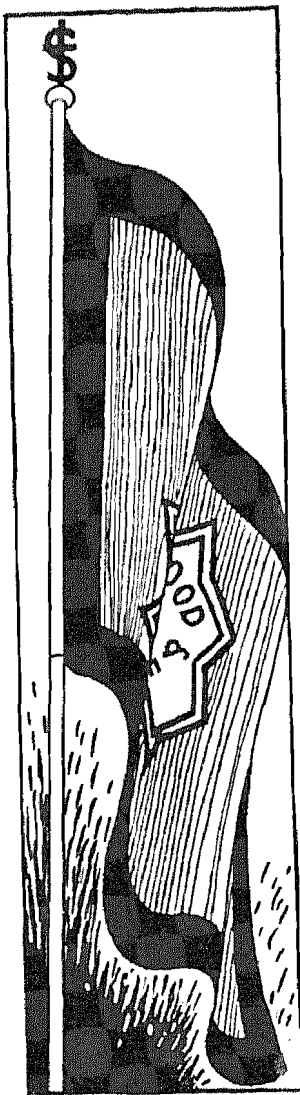
Another year to closer walk with Thee,
Another year for greater victory—
So with its closing day and hour shall
come
The coveted reward of Thy "Well Done!"
Saskatoon. Albert E. Elliott.

"I am going to leave you," he continued, "for my work here is done. I may never see you again, but if you will remember those simple verses and ask God to help you, then one day I shall meet you both in a much better world than this."

Bade Their Kindly Friend Farewell

As he spoke Stephen Bradley and his little sister fancied they saw a tear glisten in the Christian laborer's kindly eye, and it was with much sadness that they bade their tall, strong friend good-bye. Silently and thoughtfully they made their way back through the tree-bordered lane to the house where they lived.

(To be continued)



Keep the Flag at
the Topmast

During

1 - 9 - 4 - 1!

A Canadian Overseas Correspondent Pens His Impressions

CATHEDRAL MOODS

Humor and Love, Joy and Sorrow in the Lives of
Generations Find Expression in England's
Historic Edifices

By "Salvationist In Khaki"



EVERY English Cathedral tells a story. It is the story of the neighborhood for hundreds of years. Under the skilful fingers of cloistered artisans humor and love, life and death, gay joys and poignant sorrows have been rendered everlastingly articulate in gracious stone and hardy wood. Everlastingly I say, except when man's modern madness lays its bitter blight upon such glory.

The other day I discovered all this and much more in mellow old Winchester Cathedral, whose Gothic beauty through eight centuries of intimate association now blends naturally with surrounding trees and wide-sweeping greensward.

Countless generations have worshipped here. As I sat in the nave—the longest in Europe—I closed my

eyes and beheld the pageantry of the years, the people passing down the aisles to the altar, passing beneath the lofty ceiling so like the latticed boughs of the trees outside that one can nearly glimpse the stars up there.

Folly of Inebriation

Above my head the sculptured figures appeared to take on life. Kings and queens were there, monks and nuns, priests and bishops, laborers and housewives. It was all intensely human. At one point the absurdity of strong drink is delineated in stone faces that caricature three stages of inebriation. First is the face of a normal man. Then comes the silly grimace of a half-drunken person, followed by the bulbous-nosed character who loses

his wits in his mad love of liquor. The venerable verger, who is eighty-two and as well preserved as the church whose every stone has a place in his heart, showed me a curious thing.

Under one of the seats in the choir are two heads beautifully carved in oak now blackened with age. One of them has a wide-open mouth and in it is a prominent tongue that wags at the pressure of one's finger. A long-forgotten monk has here laughingly immortalized local fellow who evidently did not know when to hold his tongue. Some of the wood-carvers gave their figures eyes that roll, hear that move. One, in reckless mood imparted to his handiwork a wink, that to this day looks though it may have been the substitute for a reluctantly suppressed desire for realism. If those old artists must have chuckled to themselves as they industriously

(Continued on page 12)

OUR READERS WRITE

A FIERY APOSTLE

The Editor:

An article in a recent issue of The War Cry, entitled "The Milsaps Library," caught my attention. I read it eagerly and was seized with a desire to add a few sidelights on the character of this talented and faithful servant of God.

It was my privilege to be on the Mount Lehman outriding district forty-eight years ago. Major Milsaps was editor of the California War Cry at that time. Hearing that Commandant Herbert Booth was about to visit British Columbia, the Major started north in search of copy for his paper, and while in

Vancouver his attention was drawn to the outriders and their work. He expressed a desire to accompany me over the district.

A horse and saddle was secured for the Major, and we set off. This man of God impressed me deeply. He was "instant in season and out of season," no opportunity was neglected of talking to people about their souls. There was a directness about his method that was remarkable. He used the Christian's sword with effect, and kindly but firmly he pressed for decision.

The first meeting held was in a school-house. It was a dark night and the roads were bad, but with the aid of lanterns the people came and the school was filled.

At the close of the Major's appeal a big strong man came out and began to pray; some six other seekers followed. The Major was in his element, but the big man's wife became very angry and left the building. It was too dark for her to go home, so she sat on a tree-stump some little distance from the school. The next morning we called to see the convert, but the wife was still

hostile, and resented the intrusion.

The Major delivered his sermon. Some months later the woman was converted. She expressed her sorrow and wished me to let the Major know of her change of heart. Meetings were also held at Aldergrove, Mount Lehman and Mission C. This last-named place was suffering from the after-effects of a boom. The balloon had burst and Major described the situation aptly that the real estate boom could have lynched him.

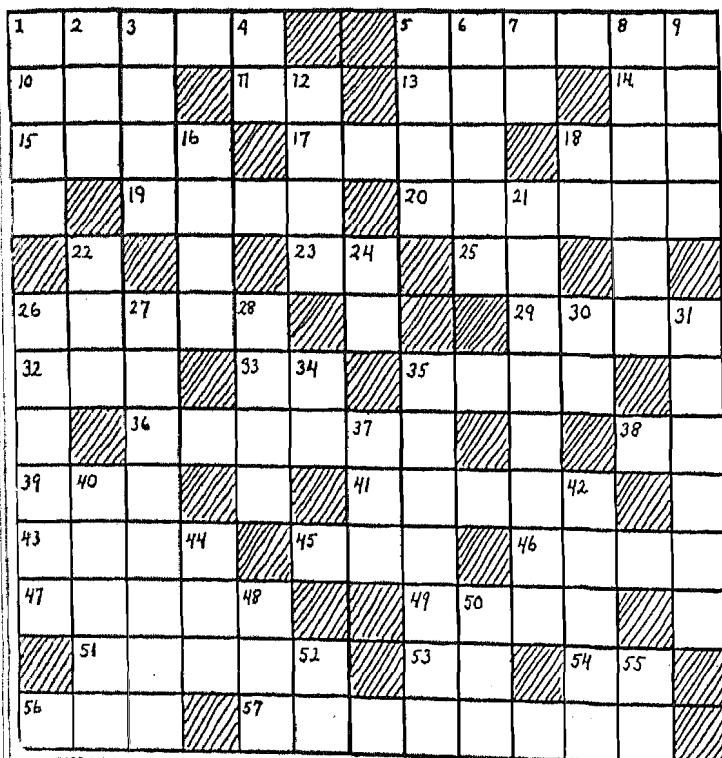
A Famous Case

Major Milsaps had not time to visit all the places, and only settlers of the four mentioned the rare privilege of seeing hearing this fiery apostle. We responded for some years. The "Hanson case" was good copy for papers everywhere, and the Major wrote me from Houston, Texas, all particulars and any picture had, and wrote it up for The War Cry of that day. Truly "the merciful of the just is blessed." Major Milsaps has left his mark upon western states of America which will not soon be effaced.

Thos. J. McGinnis
Vancouver, B.C.

BIBLE CROSSWORD PUZZLE

The Life of Christ—1.



"Thou shalt call His name JESUS: for He shall save His people from their sins."—Matt. 1:21.

THE BIRTH OF JESUS

HORIZONTAL

- 1 That at the name of every knee should bow" Phil. 2:10
- 5 The ... of the 13 across
- 10 Snake-like fish
- 11 "Ye are my friends, if ye ... whatsoever I command you" John 15:14
- 13 The ... was full
- 14 "And ... the angel of the Lord came upon them" Luke 2:9
- 15 Small bird
- 17 "there ... out a decree from Caesar Augustus" Luke 2:1
- 18 A town of Benjamin I Chron. 8:12
- 19 Joseph ... from his dream
- 20 Son of Jahdal, of the family of Caleb I Chron. 2:47
- 23 Of
- 25 Second note of scale
- 26 Territory in Palestine
- 29 "Behold the ... of God" John 1:29
- 32 Native mineral
- 33 "Let there be ... strife" Gen. 13:8
- 35 Mary was the ... of Joseph
- 36 "and laid him in a ... " Luke 2:7
- 38 Same as 18 down
- 39 Self

VERTICAL

- 1 "born King of the ... " Matt. 2:2
- 2 Ever (cont.)
- 3 Herod ... the children
- 4 South Dakota
- 5 "When Herod the ... had heard these things" Matt. 2:3
- 6 "... thou into the joy of thy lord" Matt. 25:21
- 7 Half an em.
- 8 Father of two of David's guards I Chron. 11:46
- 9 "there was no ... for them in the inn" Luke 2:7
- 12 "which ... him to thousands talents" Matt. 18:24
- 16 "there is ... good by one, that is God" Matt. 10:17
- 18 Exclamation
- 21 Without regard to self
- 22 Man who helped Aaron hold up Moses' hand at battle with Amalek Ex. 17:12
- 24 Ancestor of Jesus Luke 3:28
- 26 Earthly father of Jesus
- 27 Adherent of democracy
- 28 Prophetess who saw Jesus Luke 2:36
- 30 Diphthong
- 31 "I bring you good tidings" Luke 2:10
- 34 King of Bashan Numbers 32:33
- 35 "... him in swaddling clothes" Luke 2:7
- 37 Greek letter
- 40 Celts
- 42 Administers medicine
- 44 Jesus was the ... God
- 48 "In the morning thou ... lay round about the host" Ex. 16:13
- 50 "... we like sheep have gone astray" Is. 53:6
- 52 "Let your light ... shine" Matt. 5:16
- 55 Sunday School

(Solution of the problem will appear in our next issue.)

Salvation Snapshots

By Mrs. Adjutant Bryant

Featuring "The Army Behind The Army"

THE TOUCH UNSEEN

The Silence Broken

SWEET strains of music floated out on the clear, crisp air as The Army Band played in the grounds of the large hospital.

One by one the patients were recalling the words of the well-loved hymns that were being played. An old gentleman in the corner by the window sat gently humming to himself, comforted in the thought that these songs were something he knew and could understand in this bewildering world. To his mind there flitted visions of earlier days, when his voice had been young and robust, as he joined in Sabbath worship.

These Seven Years

In another room, a mother sat patiently beside her son. He was a young man now, and for seven long years she had visited him thus, sitting quietly by his side, without hearing a sound of welcome or farewell—for he had lost the power of speech. Almost, she had given up hope that the day would come when she would hear his cheery greeting as she entered the room. Such a long time, these seven years seemed—and he was so young.

As the sound of music reached their ears, she watched his face, searching for some sign of expression, anxious to learn whether he was hearing and enjoying the playing of the Band.

The doctor entered the room, glanced towards his patient and the visitor, then strolled over towards the window, where he could see the Bandmen playing in the grounds below.

Suddenly the quietness of the little room was broken by the sound of a new voice, saying "Isn't that beautiful music they're playing?" The doctor turned from his place at the window, to see who it was that had spoken. He saw a radiant, happy mother, looking with joy into the eyes of her son, and replying, "Yes, my son, are you enjoying it?"

The doctor strode over towards the young man, and, looking with deep interest at his patient remarked, "If I hadn't been here I couldn't have believed it!"

The Silence Broken

For, as the Band was playing below, and while the doctor's back was turned, the Great Physician had entered the room and touched the silent chords of speech. The seven years of silence were broken!

PROVE GOD

By Systematic Giving to His Cause

WITH the advent of a New Year why not consider the matter of systematic giving to God's work?

The good old fashion of setting aside for religious uses one-tenth of one's income is well worth testing.

Of this plan a recent writer says: "It relieves the will from perpetual strain, makes for philanthropy frictionless, and taxes nothing but the judgment as to the worthiness of the object." Indeed, we may go further, and say that the definite setting aside of a tenth of our income to God's work makes giving an exhilarating joy instead of the distasteful effort which it too often is.

Quiet Talks on Great Essentials

1—Power For Service

THERE are many kinds of power in the world; electric power, steam power and the mysterious power which emanates from unseen rays. These accomplish great things in the world of science and commerce, but for spiritual work spiritual power is the first and indispensable qualification. Christianity invites and consecrates every gift of God, and every grace and art of which man is capable. Nowhere does human ability find such sublime inspiration and such lofty exercise as in the service of God.

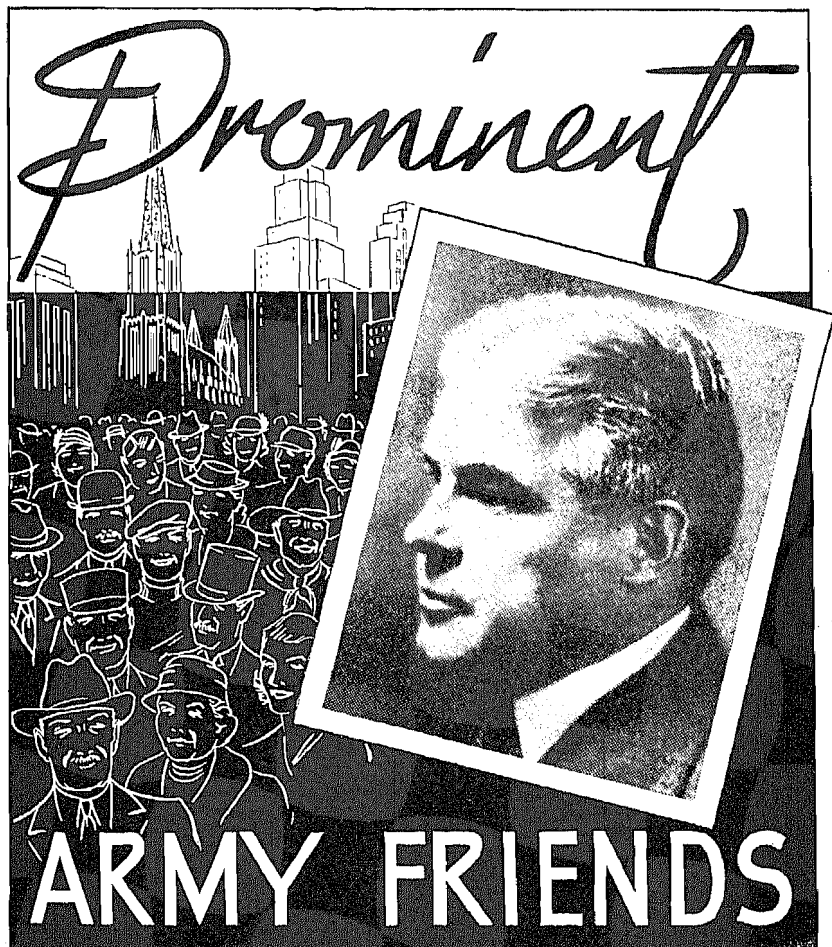
All natural gifts are good when used for religious purposes, but they are perilous if depended upon instead of the Holy Ghost. The Army Mother said: "The history of the Church proves that just in degree as she has come to have faith in the human she has ceased to have faith in the supernatural." Paul writes: "Our Gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power and in the Holy Ghost." And again he says: "My speech and my preach-

ing was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and in power."

If numbers and prestige decline, it is vain to resort to external aids and appliances. The work is spiritual, and only spiritual power can accomplish it. The mighty victories of the early Church were won in the power of the Holy Ghost, and this, and this only, is the essential of Christianity as an all-conquering power in the world. Everything without this avails nothing, but with this our weakness is linked to Omnipotence, and all things are possible.

We know of nothing else that is so much needed to-day. Our machinery is well-nigh perfect. We have wealth, social status, educational advantages, printing-presses, Bible societies, and Christian legislation on our side. The whole world is open to us. Nothing is wanted for the grand consummation of our work in the world but the baptism

(Continued on page 12)



SIR EDWARD BEATTY, G.B.E., K.C., LL.D.

NO more staunch friend of The Army could be found than Sir Edward Beatty, President of the Canadian Pacific Railway. His interests in social service have been wide and many causes have called for his support, but this has never, in any way, diminished the keen personal interest he takes in the affairs of the Organization.

A friend once remarked to Sir Edward on his many interests in work for social amelioration, and he replied to the question as to why he did so much, "I do it because I regard myself as my brother's keeper."

Sir Edward is the chairman of The Army's Montreal Advisory Board, and has signified his approval of the Campaign for 1941. He will also give his splendid leadership by taking the National Campaign Chairmanship.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS

It is learned from the Chicago War Cry that the mother of Mrs. Commissioner Ernest Pugmire, Mrs. Alice Edgerton, is seriously ill in hospital at Detroit. Mrs. Pugmire (Grace Vickers) is a former Canadian Officer.

Lieut.-Colonel John Habkirk (R) recently conducted a successful campaign at Detroit's Bowery Corps, where Adjutant and Mrs. Bellamy are stationed.

Brigadier Anton Cedervall, formerly of Manchukuo, who spent a period some time ago in Canada, is visiting a number of Corps in the Central U. S. Territory as Spiritual Special.

Major D. Tiffin, Territorial Auditor, has been bereaved of his mother who passed away in Toronto. Adjutant A. Bryant represented Territorial Headquarters at the funeral service.

THE FUTURE BECKONS

(See Frontispiece)

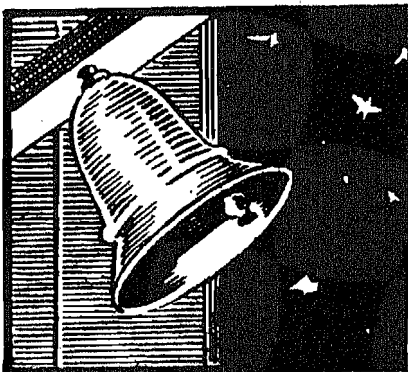
I STAND at the gate of the great unknown
Possessed of fears innumerable, I own;
Around me and outside the darkness deepens,
Yet I must press onward, the future beckons
To paths uncharted, be Thou my Guide.
My morning and my evening prayer,
Oh, Lord, with me abide.

My groping hand, Lord, clasp in Thine
And lead me to that throne Divine
Where prayer fulfilment ends in praise,
Beyond the bounds of earthly ways;
Where angel choirs are heard to sing,
And all mankind their cares may bring.

There is a gate that ceaseless ope's,
Its Keeper benevolent and kind.
Entrance therein seals all life's hopes,
New beauty there each soul may find
A gate ajar? No, open wide
At morning's break and eventide.
West Toronto. Wm. G. Muir.

THE NEW AND THE OLD

If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold all things are become new.—Corinthians 5:17.



A Happy New Year
TO ALL OUR READERS



FROM WISDOM'S WORKSHOP

Time spent in helping someone else is never wasted.

No lost property office exists for lost opportunities.

Do as well as you can to-day. . . . To-morrow you may be able to do better.—Longfellow.

The good we do to-day becomes the happiness of to-morrow.

Hindu proverb.

Christ is all in all to those who have surrendered all.

People and pins are useless when they lose their heads.

Godliness is well expressed in usefulness.

The law of love is quite harmonious with the love of law.

The merry-go-round of worldly pleasure stops just where it started.

Red Shield Women's Auxiliary

Notes by the Territorial Secretary,
(MRS. COLONEL PEACOCK)

WITH a membership of over twenty the Sault Ste. Marie I.R.S.W.A. has had a very successful year. Recently an afternoon tea was productive of an encouraging amount of money.

The last consignment consisted of nearly two hundred knitted articles, and over fifty articles for evacuees. Included were five beautifully-made

When Mr. Mansfield called at the War Office one week with his arms full of beautifully knitted socks made by women whom we have not seen, he told us of a dear worker who has sight in only one eye. This is to me, as Mrs. General Carpenter describes it, "like the unsealing of a stream of Living Water," and as Mary poured forth her precious gift in utter disregard of herself, so our women everywhere are doing.

In addition to the R.S.W.A. at Thorold, Ont., there is a splendid group of women with a membership of forty, known as "The Women's Legion," who are doing some fine work for us. Also the "Daughters of England" are assisting. Our thanks to each of these local groups for their hearty co-operation.

The R.S.W.A. of Hamilton VI, Ont., is almost wholly composed of Army friends and to date they have shipped 200 pair of socks. The President, Mrs. Bowen, has been very successful and is most particular that all goods are A1 class before they are shipped to the Red Shield Centre in Toronto. Mrs. Bowen has knitted over eighty pair of socks. Our sincere thanks and appreciation to this comrade and all at Hamilton VI who are working so well.

Mrs. Stevenson, in Woodstock, Ont., buys the wool and her mother, Mrs. Wood, who is 85 years of age, knits it into lovely garments. Our thanks are due these comrades and to Sister Mrs. Ball, the secretary, with her faithful band of workers.

A gesture, greatly appreciated, and one which we hope many will copy, is that of Mrs. James Oliver's

GO FORWARD!

IN sending a New Year's message to R.S.W.A. members throughout Canada, I cannot do better than to tell you of a greeting which came to us during the Christmas of 1939 from the late Commissioner Yamamuro.

Like his Master, as he drew near to the end of his earthly life, in spite of all which seemed chaotic, he sent this message, which proved to be his last: "Go Forward and Build Up." "Nevertheless I must walk to-day and to-morrow and the day following." (Luke 13:33.)

So we must not lose faith but go forward, knowing there are no national boundaries against the power of the living God, and the good seed sown in the past by the dear Commissioner and other faithful followers will bear fruit to His honor and glory.

quilts, given by two groups. Over three hundred pair of socks have been sent to Headquarters.

President Mrs. Dorrance and Treasurer Mrs. P. Jannison are an inspiration to the members.

FOR SHUT-INS

OPPORTUNITIES AND RESPONSIBILITIES

A NEW YEAR dawns. A fresh paragraph begins in the Book of Life, for are we not writing every moment of the day the record of our individual lives? Does not every thought, word and action of ours make an indelible impression upon eternal records by which we shall finally be judged, and that judgment determine our position and responsibilities in the life which will follow this? There are many passages in the Scriptures which seem to suggest this. I will mention only one — the Parable of the Talents.

How solemn, too, is the realization that what we have written, is written. It cannot be changed. The record has forever passed out of our hands. The decisions of the past cannot be re-made; words spoken cannot be recalled; actions done can never be altered. We may amend, we may atone but the past is the past, sealed and irrevocable. The future we still hold within our own hands. On it we may write as we will.

The new paragraph lies before us unblemished, without mistake or fault, and no one can mar it but ourselves. What a glorious opportunity it is, but what a grave responsibility also, for again we shall write and never be able to erase the writing. How can we write a more worthy record? To whom shall we go for guidance but to the one Man who wrote a perfect record, the

Lord Jesus? We can ask Him to guide the hand that writes. Submitting to His guidance means the consecration of ourselves to His will for the guide must inevitably assume control, and the guided one no longer choose his own way but follow obediently. Therefore we must start the New Year at His feet.

Jesus wrote into His life the story of love and kindness toward God and man. He loved His Heavenly Father supremely. He loved to climb the mountain slopes to the solitude of the heights where He could hold undisturbed communion with Him. He loved His earthly brothers too. Rich or poor, ruler of the synagogue or blind beggar by the wayside, it mattered not to Him. Nor did it matter whether they were loathsome, like the poor rotting leper, or fair and beautiful like the Magdalene. His eyes, keen with love, saw deeper than the outward trappings. They penetrated to the core of man's being, to the soul immortal. Jesus had time for each of them and gave Himself to their individual problems, treating them with unfailing courtesy. Thus He unfolded the pages of divine truth.

And, under His direction, we can write into this new chapter of our lives a similar record of kind thoughts and deeds.

"Something each day—a smile;
It is not much to give,
And the little gifts of life

By
ALICE M.
LYDALL



Make sweet the days we live;
The world has weary hearts
That we can bless and cheer
And a smile for every day
Makes sunshine all the year."

If by His grace we write in our daily lives a record of love to God and man, then all other virtues must of necessity be written too,

Gems from the Bible

As thy days, so shall thy strength be. Deuteronomy 33:25.

Suggested by Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel F. Whatley (R)

OUR JUNIPER TREES

By MARY STUART SLINFOLD

SITTING beneath a juniper tree
Hoping for quick release
Elijah prayed that he might have
From toil and care, surcease.
And as I watched the rowan trees
Bend in the autumn rain
I earnestly prayed I, too, might have
Surcease from toil and pain.

Then as I watched from my window
low,

I saw 'cross the busy street,
Someone wave their hand to me,
A friendly gesture sweet.
It gave me faith through the morn-
ing hours
To seek the finer things;
To trust to Him in darker hours,
For answers faith will bring.

There are juniper trees in the world
to-day,

And miles of desert there,
For those who walk a lonely road,
With a heavy cross to bear,

Sword and Shield Brigade

Daily Bible Portions

Sun., Jan. 5—John 2:1-11
Mon., Jan. 6—John 2:12-25
Tues., Jan. 7—John 3:1-8
Wed., Jan. 8—John 3:9-17
Thurs., Jan. 9—John 3:18-24
Fri., Jan. 10—John 3:25-36
Sat., Jan. 11—John 4:1-14

Prayer Subject

THE LONELY AND AGED

But His love divine which slumbers
not,

Remembers your lonely post,
And His tender care is always there,
In the hours you need Him most.

Sunday School class at Gormley, Ont. They usually exchange gifts at Christmas time but this year they are giving the money to those who have not as many blessings as they. The money is to be used for R.S.W.A. work. Surely this is the most Christ-like gift which could be given at the blessed season.

Mrs. Major Morrison writes from Halifax: "I have already commenced a campaign for evacuee clothing, and am hoping to send you a shipment soon." We are grateful for what our women in Nova Scotia have done and are doing.

We are indebted to Mrs. McRae and workers of Gore Bay, Ont., for the magnificent shipments which they have sent, and especially for hospital supplies they have made so carefully.

for one cannot love and be dishonest; one cannot love and yet bear false witness; one cannot love and be impure. Love will crowd out selfishness and pity; love will fashion us in the likeness of God. God grant that love may fill the whole chapter.

SAVED WITH ST. PAUL'S

Last-known Fragment of Solomon's Gorgeous Temple

THE recent exploit of the demolition squad, under the leadership of Lieutenant Davies, in removing the half-ton time bomb from the churchyard of St. Paul's Cathedral, in London, saved not only that majestic pile but also the last known fragment of the gorgeous temple erected by King Solomon in Jerusalem almost three thousand years ago (according to Lyman B. Jackes in the Montreal Family Herald and Weekly Star).

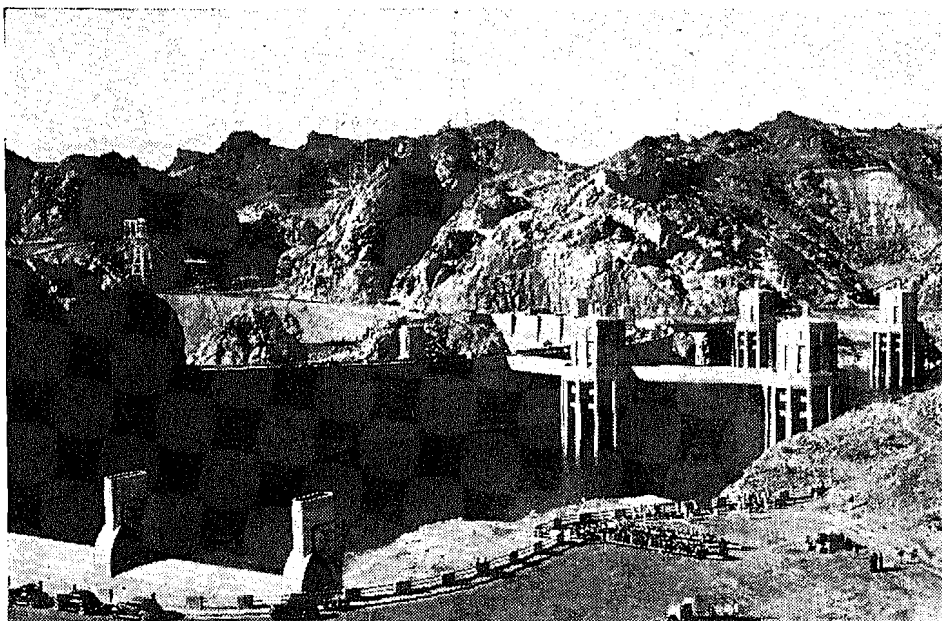
This fragment, a part of a bronze capping that had once adorned one of the cedar pillars of the temple, was discovered in Babylonia some years ago by a British archeological expedition and sent home to London where it was placed in the basement masonry of St. Paul's some twenty-five feet from where the ugly time bomb was removed. The fragment is about the size of an average domestic dishpan and can be seen to full advantage when the visitor to St. Paul's goes down the spiral steps that lead into the Crypt. It is embedded in the foundation wall just at the foot of the steps. A large brass plate sets forth all the known facts concerning the interesting fragment.

The great temple that was erected by Solomon stood in Jerusalem for almost four centuries. It fell a spoil to the Babylonian army under Nebuchadnezzar when the city was captured and sacked some six centuries before the birth of Christ. Nebuchadnezzar had evidently never seen such fine metal work as the temple displayed and he gave orders, as recorded in the books of Chronicles and Kings, to break up the marvellous metal and carry it away to the city of Babylon. As though to set forth his great exploit in destroying Jerusalem he had the fragment that is now in St. Paul's built into the wall of a heathen temple. Centuries later it was discovered by the British and sent to London.

Almighty and most merciful God, Who dwellest not in temples made with hands: be Thou the guardian, we beseech Thee, of our churches and our homes; keep this Thy House in peace and safety; and grant that all who worship here may find their refuge under the shadow of Thy wings, and serve Thee with a quiet mind; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

—Prayer offered in St. Paul's, London, on a recent Sunday.

... The Magazine Page



World's Largest Engineering Project

Here is an excellent camera study of the famous Boulder Dam, in Arizona, U.S.A., easily the world's greatest engineering accomplishment. It was completed in 1936 after five years' work, and impounds the flood waters of the Colorado River for irrigating and protecting the Imperial Valley. The dam is 726 feet high, and holds a maximum head of water 582 feet high in Lake Mead Reservoir, the world's largest artificial lake.

BROADCASTING PREDICTION

Recalled by Radio's Twentieth Birthday

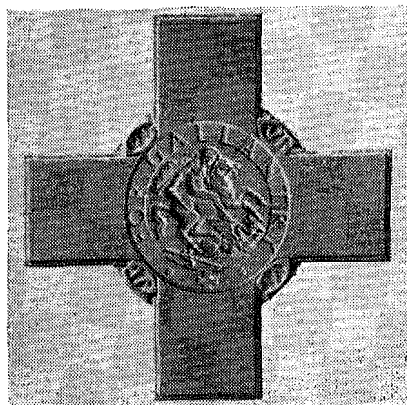
WHILE the modern system of broadcasting is only twenty years old, the idea was predicted over a hundred years ago when Sir Charles Wheatstone, an English scientist, developed his "magic lyre," which transmitted sounds mechanically through fine hollow rods. He used the device to give what he called "telephone concerts."

An article in the September 1, 1831, edition of The Repository of Arts, commented on these concerts as follows:

"Who knows but by these means

the music of the opera, performed at the King's Theatre, may ere long be simultaneously enjoyed at Hanover Square Rooms, and other centres, the sounds travelling like gas through snug conductors from the main laboratory of harmony in the Haymarket to distant parts of the metropolis with this advantage, that in its progress, it is not subject to any diminution. And if music be capable of being thus conducted, perhaps words of speech may be susceptible of the same means of propagation."

For Brave
... Civilians



HERE are the first official photographs of the George Cross and the George Medal, the awards recently instituted by the King for the recognition of bravery among the civil population. Statutory decree forbids the awarding of the Victoria Cross to civilians, no matter how valorous their heroism.

WOOL FROM ROCK AND OIL FROM CORAL

Latest Products on Display in the Scientist's "Curiosity Shop"

MANUFACTURING wool from rock seems strange, but Canada derives a steady income out of it. One of the finest insulating materials known, its manufacture was established as an industry in Canada in 1934 after the discovery of large deposits of limestone by the Department of Mines in the Niagara Peninsula. Five plants with a total capacity of 50 tons a day are now in operation. It says much for the expansion of Canadian industry that most of the output is consumed in the Dominion. Rock wool is soft, light and fibrous, and is made by melting suitable rock and then converting it into fibres by either a blast of steam or air; one of its uses is as an almost perfect sound-proofing material.

THE "little coral workers" of the old-time moralistic poem may have built up not only "pretty islands in the distant, deep-blue ocean," but they may also have contributed toward the formation of the world's much-fought-over oil

fields, says a despatch in the New York Times.

It has been found that in it masses of waxy material exist, not in itself chemically like crude oil but possibly convertible into it through

BOLIVIA'S SILVER CITY Relic of Past Splendors

TOURISTS who like the unusual are beginning to trickle into the small town of Potosi, in the mountains of Bolivia, where Spanish grandees once dined off gold plates, and pearl-embroidered over-shoes worth a paltry \$500 were part of any great lady's wardrobe.

The slope of the Cerro Gordo de Potosi, on which the town stands, is about 14,000 feet above sea level, and it was from shafts sunk here that silver began to pour its rich stream in 1547, when the city was founded. As the settlement grew to a population of 150,000, colonial palaces gave elegance to the city, where fortunes changed hands overnight.

Almost \$1,000,000,000 worth of silver was taken from the mines prior to 1800. Students claim a hundred and one romantic tales may be told of this splendid era.

A New Series

Famous Signatures



CHARLES DICKENS is easily the most widely read of all English novelists. During the Christmas season just past, it is certain many renewed acquaintance with

Charles Dickens

Scrooge and Tiny Tim in Dickens' immortal "Christmas Carol."

But that is only one of Dickens' works. He was a master of both pathos and rollicking humor. He used his great influence for the remedying of abuses, and many notable social reforms got their first impulse from one or other of his novels. Dickens was born in 1812 and died in 1870.

long ages of burial under pressure. Something of this kind was hinted at nearly a hundred years ago by the famous early American scientist, Dr. Benjamin Silliman, but this pioneer theory has been permitted to lie neglected by later researchers.

OBVIATES SKIDDING, TOO!

A Japanese firm is producing what it calls a "perfect synthetic hemp" from waste banana skins. About 4,000,000 pounds of the product are to be made annually.

THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in Canada, Alaska, Newfoundland and Bermuda

William Booth, Founder
George L. Carpenter, General
 International Headquarters
 101 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.
BENJAMIN ORAMES, Commissioner
 Territorial Headquarters
 James and Albert Sts., Toronto

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: A copy of The War Cry, including the special Easter and Christmas issues, will be mailed to any address in Canada for \$2.50 prepaid.
 All communications should be addressed to the Editor.

TORONTO, SAT., JANUARY 4, 1941

GENERAL ORDER YOUNG PEOPLE'S ANNUAL

The Young People's Annual week-end will be observed at every Corps throughout the Territory on Sunday and Monday, February 9 and 10.

Benjamin Orames,
Commissioner.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE

PROMOTIONS—

To be Major:

Adjutant Lawrence Carswell.
 Adjutant Morgan Flannigan.
 Adjutant Mae Dodge.
 Adjutant Charles Jennings.
 Adjutant Nellie Jolly.
 Adjutant Gladys Jollymore.
 Adjutant Rose Schmidt.
 Adjutant Ida Tindale.
 Adjutant Ivy Wass.
 Adjutant Harold Martin.
 Adjutant Alex Parkinson.
 Adjutant Cecil Zarfas.

To be Adjutant:

Captain Lester Barnes.
 Captain Edward Brunsdon.
 Captain Elsie Baker.
 Captain Ella Church.
 Captain George Crewe.
 Captain Breta Cull.
 Captain Ivan Halsey.
 Captain Herbert Honeychurch.
 Captain Harvey Legge.
 Captain Margaret McCaffrey.
 Captain Joshua Monk.
 Captain Cecil Patey.
 Captain William Ross.
 Captain Walter Salvage.
 Captain Mildred Stevens.
 Captain Alfred Stimson.
 Captain Gerald Wagner.

APPOINTMENTS—

Major David Tiffin to be Territorial Auditor.
 Major Robert Watt to be Accountant in the Finance Department.
 Captain Mda LaRose to Catherine Booth Hospital, Montreal.

BENJAMIN ORAMES,
Commissioner.

ALL WELL

International Leaders Send Seasonal Greetings

AS we go to press (on Christmas Eve) we learn that the Territorial Commander, Commissioner B. Orames, has received a message from General and Mrs. G. L. Carpenter extending seasonal greetings to Officers, Soldiers and friends in the Canadian Territory. The brief, but welcomed cabled message, forwarded from The Army's International Headquarters in London reads as follows:

"We are grateful for God's many mercies to our Organization despite the unusual happenings of the past year. Affectionate greetings to Mrs. Orames and yourself, and comrades all. All well here."

UNITED PRAYER

Churches and The Army Join in Supplicatory Gatherings

A NUMBER of Corps in the Territory are co-operating in connection with the Week of Prayer (January 5 to 12) sponsored by the World's Evangelical Alliance. United prayer meetings have been arranged and in many instances Salvation Army Officers have been requested to lead representative gatherings.

LOYAL SUPPORTER

Warm Army Friend Lost On Torpedoed "Western Prince"

THE Hon. Gordon W. Scott, financial advisor to the Minister of Munitions and Supplies, Hon. C. D. Howe, who was drowned as a result of the torpedoing of the *Western Prince*, was a warm friend of The Army. Mr. Scott's friendship for

A PRACTICAL
SYMPATHIZER



The Hon. Gordon W. Scott

The Army was more than by oral expression, and was proved by practical assistance.

Mr. Scott was a charter member of the Montreal Advisory Board and also the National Advisory Board. He gave splendid aid in the Red Shield and War and Home Service Campaign in 1940 and was never too busy to give advice. Thus The Army loses a loyal and influential supporter, and the nation a countryman whose exceptional talents could be ill spared in these days of stress.

APPRECIATED SERVICE

Mill Manager Pays Tribute to Army Workers

IN connection with the service rendered by Majors Waterston and Nyrerod in serving firemen and policemen with refreshments during a recent serious fire at Edmonton, Alta., the manager of the Ogilvy Flour Mills, Mr. D. A. Grout, has written the following letter of thanks to these Officers:

"May I, on behalf of the company, express my sincere appreciation of the kindness shown by members of The Salvation Army last night, during the fire which destroyed our elevator. The supplying of hot coffee to the firemen and policemen on duty at the fire was indeed a fine gesture and, I am sure, a much-appreciated one.

"Once again The Army has come through with a magnificent piece of work in helping their fellow men."

Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Hoggard are announced to conduct the Thirty-sixth Anniversary services at Parliament Street, Toronto, on January 4-5. During the following week, former Officers will be in charge of special meetings, and on Sunday, January 12, Colonel R. Adby (R) will conduct the final meeting of the campaign.

SUCCOR AND SYMPATHY

Plus First-Aid Given in London's Underground Shelters

WHEN a young Salvation Army Captain offered to open a First-Aid Post in a London railway tube air-shelter, she was given rather a cool reception, says the latest British War Cry to hand.

The stationmaster did not see how such a post could be operated. He had no accommodation, anyway. Of course, he added, if she cared to mix in with the crowd he would not stop her.

The Captain said she would. She meant to keep close to her people and to put at their disposal experience gained during years of hospital training prior to her becoming an Officer.

On the first night she, with her Lieutenant, slept on the stone emergency stairs, and made her mission known.

After midnight a white-faced man

'Enlistment For Christ'

Territorial Commander Calls Every Salvationist to a Determined Assault Against the Forces of Evil in the New Year

OF necessity the present World War is making heavy demands upon our resources, but in spite of this we feel confident every Salvationist will be in full sympathy with the launching of the Spiritual crusade which is scheduled for the New Year. Therefore, I call every Officer, Local Officer and Soldier to prepare for a determined assault against the forces of evil in this "ENLISTMENT FOR CHRIST" Campaign.

This terrible War accentuates the need for such an effort. No doubt you will have been thrilled with the fine courage and daring of fellow-Salvationists in the United Kingdom, who are now in the midst of a "Light at Midnight" Campaign for souls. It is unnecessary to dwell at length upon the need for a vigorous evangelical offensive in our land. As a result of the last War, the growth of iniquity was startling, and we must arm ourselves anew to battle against the all too prevalent evils of to-day. We must enlist the pleasure-seeking young people in the ranks of truth; enlist the careless men on active service; enlist the godless women of our communities; enlist the aged, the hopeless, the disillusioned. What an army of Christless folk awaits us. Surely our Lord's words, "The fields are white unto harvest," were never truer than to-day!

It is expected that every Salvationist will apply himself wholeheartedly and prayerfully to the working of completing plans suitable for local circumstances at the earliest possible moment.

Briefly:

1. The Campaign will take place in the month of January, and will include efforts for the winning of both young people and adults. "Personal Evangelism" is to be the key-note of the entire period. All Salvationists are to be urged to engage in definite personal evangelism during the effort.
2. An element of the Campaign, upon which I place much importance is that section which has for its main objective the increasing of attendance at our Company meetings throughout the Territory. While we must continue with all our powers to seek to bring those of mature age to a knowledge of their sins forgiven, it is just as important that we extend ourselves in the interest of young people generally. All Officers will recognize that the Company meeting is the basis of all our children's and youths' activities, and will see to it that no possible effort is missed to build up this important branch of the work.
3. Co-operation in the International Week of Prayer is desired.
4. A "Holiness Week-end" will be held—at the beginning of the Campaign—if possible.
5. An intensive period of ten days will be planned for—preferably the last ten days of the month, and including two week-ends.

Simplicity is to mark the effort, and I am sure every comrade can be depended upon to accept the challenge and launch himself or herself without reserve in this mighty "Enlistment for Christ" venture.

Judging from reports reaching me of revival stirrings here and there, I believe much will be achieved for the Kingdom by the Officer whose heart is burning with Divine Love.

Believing for a great accession to our ranks as a result of our united efforts,

Benj. Orames
Commissioner.

Territorial Headquarters.

The attitude of the stationmaster was changing. He came, at last, to ask if the Captain would do as she had first suggested.

The Captain replied that she would be unable to carry on without proper equipment and space, to which the stationmaster answered that this would be given. He was as good as his word, and fitted up as a First-Aid Post a spacious place quite close to his own private office, where the Slum Captain, her Lieutenant and the Officers from the nearest Corps now meet each evening.

There are no idle moments, for babies with bad coughs are brought in, children with cuts and bruises, tinies with aches and endless other small ailments. In the first few weeks three expectant mothers, two "appendix cases," one serious case of collapse and another of acute heart trouble were accompanied to the hospital.

When a bomb fell on a crowded public-house almost directly opposite all the glass in the roof of the entrance was shattered, and, to-

(Continued on page 12)

The Symbol Of Service

NEWS AND VIEWS OF ARMY WORK AMONG THE TROOPS



JUST IN TIME

The War Cry at Work in a Military Camp

A RATHER quaintly-worded, but exceedingly interesting letter from a Japanese lad employed as a kitchen worker at a military camp, to Brigadier John McElhiney, in charge of War Service Work at Quebec City, reads thus:

"When I received The War Cry you were kind enough to send, I read it from page to page. After reading it the internal uproar seems to have quieted down. To tell you the truth the paper has been really a great source of inspiration, with so many encouraging articles in it. It seems to have reached me just in time, like a helping hand from God pulling me out of the gutter. Its message gave me the realization that I had been slipping in spiritual matters.

"That night in bed I confessed to God and prayed earnestly. So vigorous was my attempt I did not sleep a wink, but amazingly the next morning I did not feel tired.

"I knew all along—before all this—that prayer had power. That is, I had taken it for granted. But not until this incident had I approached God in the belief that prayer would be answered.

"It is now a great relief to know that God will forgive even the greatest sinner, if he seeks Him."

CANTEEN STORIES

By Colonel E. H. Joy (R)

HAVE I said anything in any of my writings about the circumstances under which the men and the women of the Red Shield Services overseas carry on their duties? In one of my previous articles I endeavored to tell as much as I dared of their locations—not that my readers are any the wiser for what I then said, but it has been borne in upon me that little has been said of their every-day trials and tribulations. That these said trials and tribulations are endured with a smiling face and many a happy quip of the tongue, does not make them any the less.

First the women comrades: Recently I met Mrs. Brigadier Barclay; she was waiting for a bus, and that is a work of patience in these times, in spite of the fact that there seems to be no diminution in the number of these on the streets. It was a miserable morning, drizzling and foggy—just one of those that Canadians sometimes imagine are the constant portion of us Britons. The guns had been going most of the night, and there had already been many "alerts." The "all-clear" had not yet sounded. Some folks were pointing up to the sky where several planes—"ours" and "theirs"—were manoeuvring for position. But on Mrs. Barclay's face was a

smile of peace, just as if she had been waiting her turn for a St. Catherine Street street-car. "It's no use waiting for the 'all-clear,'" she said; "if one did that one would get nothing done."

I gathered that the Brigadier had gone "off to market" to see about some supplies for the Red Shield Hotel, and that booming guns and enemy planes could not be allowed to interfere with such duties.

I went on to Southampton Row, and the first person I saw was Mrs. Adjutant Piffrey acting as reception clerk, and smiling at all comers as if she had been in the profession all her life. Mrs. Major Gage was engaged in tidying up

menu had in it several dishes which are as home-from-home to a Canadian trooper, and which have appeared on the tables since Brigadier and Mrs. Barclay took charge—they knowing what a Canadian likes. Indeed, the "diner" was no less smart and up-to-date than, say, the Royal York in Toronto, or the Granville in Vancouver—except that there were no wineglasses to be seen.

"Come and see where the women sleep," said the Brigadier. Down into the basement we went again, past piled-up sand-bags, into a subterranean room, where, with about a foot of space between each, were eight or nine beds. As tidy as a ward in any of our Canadian Grace Hospitals, but more communal, perhaps, than ever any one of its nightly occupants had ever before shared.

It is not here that the women folk crouch night after night as shells scream and bombs fall (The other night two or three fell in the back garden), but it is here they sleep calmly and peacefully

Four R's For Servicemen



At school it was three R's; for men of the forces who visit Salvation Army Red Shield Centres it is four R's—reading (w)riting, recreation and refreshment. The picture shows a corner of the Centre at Amherst, N.S., with Adjutant and Mrs. V. Maclean, the Corps Officers

FORTHRIGHT GRATITUDE

An Appreciative Colonel Says "Thank You!"

INDICATIVE of the high esteem in which Salvation Army Auxiliary Officers are held by officers and men of the C.A.S.F. are the following extracts of letters received by Adjutant A. P. Simester, on overseas service:

"May I take this opportunity of thanking you on behalf of the unit for the generous gift of the wireless set installed in the men's recreation room.

"As you know the radio fills an important gap with those so far from home. I am told that the instrument is one of excellent tone and large coverage. News items as well as Canadian and American programs have been enjoyed.

"It has been brought to my notice that the men's recreation room in Barracks 'C' has received some splendid games through your efforts. On inspecting this room it was found that two table-tennis games were in play. Several of the men were writing letters, reading or playing darts. Other excellent

pastimes were much in evidence.

"It is needless to say how very much this is appreciated. Gifts such as these are so useful in providing diversion for the men when the 'black-out' routine prevents outdoor relaxation.

"Please extend our thanks to your Organization whose work cannot be too highly recommended."

Yours gratefully,

L. M. Stewart, Lieut.-Colonel.

"And I should add," states Adjutant Simester, "that the letters are only tangible evidence of an appreciation that is expressed to us wherever we are working. And that applies to all ranks; in fact, one is deeply touched over and over again by the forthright words of gratitude for seemingly insignificant services rendered. One feels that one is representing Christ even in what appears to be the more secular and mundane aspects of the activities in which we are engaged. 'Inasmuch' is an inspiring and encouraging slogan for us all in these days."

the "drawing-room" and the library, where, as is the custom of men, the guests had left things "all anyhow." To keep these rooms home-like, and not too prim and hotel-like, is something that only a woman can do, especially if recent bombing in the district has left dozens of broken windows.

Mrs. Major Jolly I found upstairs, dust-ster in hand, going from room to room, seeing that all was in order for the returning guests and for any newcomers, of whom there are some every night.

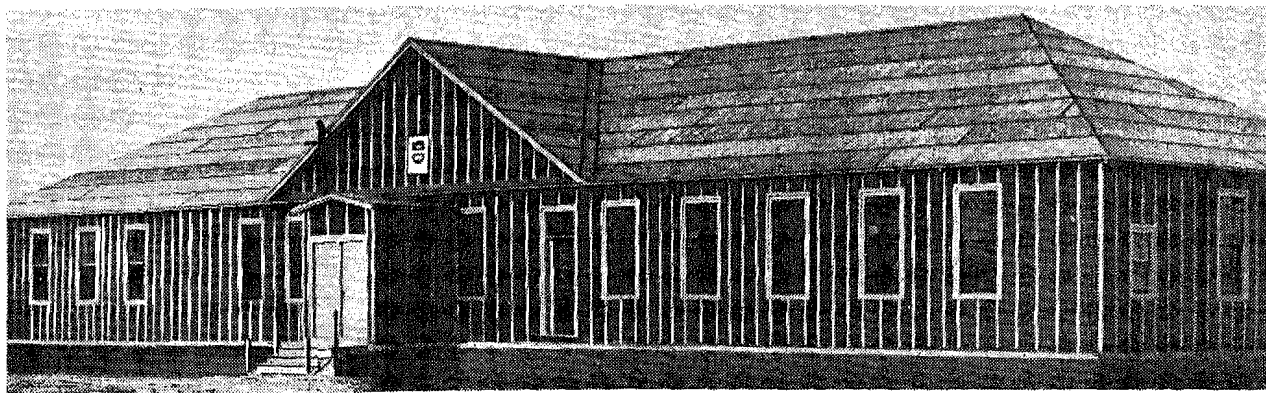
The dining-room, of which you have seen pictures, was alluring in its white napery and gleaming silver, and tremendously inviting with the appetising odors from the near-by kitchen (into which I took an enquiring peep). The

night after night, with scarce a thought of the comfortable quarters they have left behind them in Canada. I have not yet heard they were obliged to give up those comforts for these discomforts, nor have I heard one of them complain, but ask you to take note of these things, so that you will understand it is no joy-ride these women have come over for, even if, once in a blue-moon, they do catch a glimpse of their respective husbands. I think, in company with me, you would take your hats off in salute to them, if you saw them as I have seen them—tired and a wee bit dishevelled after a long night of raiding following on a busy day of work for the boys, yet as cheerful and as ready with a "God bless you" welcome as any home-sick trooper lad might wish to have.

Then I went down to the "Comforts Room," which never fails to intrigue me with its thousands of tokens of love and good-will from the Red Shield Women's Auxiliaries. (This is not a room where such gifts are kept and stored, for day by day there is a drain on its stock; never a day, scarcely, but what one of the workers at the camps sends in his requisition and gets his desires fulfilled.) What these "comforts" have meant for the health and happiness of the men will never be known, nor will it show how actually and really grateful they are for such gifts.

I had included in my look-round a call at the games room, and there I found a company of naval men—Canadians everyone of them—having a high old time over table-tennis; their shouts were as free as if they were playing in mother's parlor. "Who'd want to turn out on a day like this?" said one of them. "It's sure nice and homey here."

... Another Centre in the Continent-wide Chain



Opened a short time ago by the Territorial Leader, Commissioner B. Orames, this Red Shield Centre is a magnet for men in training at Debert, N.S. See also photograph on page thirteen

ON DEVIL'S ISLAND

An Absorbingly-Interesting Account of an Army Leader's Visit to the Notorious Penal Colony

Readers who have read the many articles in *The War Cry* relating to The Army's work in French Guiana, will learn with interest of a recent visit paid by Colonel H. Hodgson, Territorial Commander for Central America and West Indies Territory to the Islands. French Guiana has since been transferred temporarily to the Colonel's command.

WHEN on a recent tour in his Territory (Central America and West Indies) Colonel H. S. Hodgson decided to extend his trip and visit French Guiana.

The small steamer by which he travelled from Paramaribo, Netherlands Guiana, called at a little town on the Dutch side of the river Maroni from which could be seen the French Guiana coast and the town of St. Laurent. For the purpose of loading and re-loading the steamship was scheduled to stay overnight. The Colonel inspected the township and spoke to some of the inhabitants and visitors, the latter being Bush Negroes from the interior. The Salvation Army Flag

has not yet been unfurled at this place, and Salvationists are unknown.

Arriving back at the steamer, the Colonel wondered what would be the best thing to do, as it seemed a pity to have to spend so many hours just within sight of our French comrades, and not be able to contact them. Just then he espied a home-made canoe fitted with an outboard motor approaching the ship, and seated in the centre was someone in the unmistakable uniform of a Salvation Army Officer. There was a frantic waving from the canoe, which was promptly answered by the Territorial Commander producing the familiar Blood and Fire Flag and floating it on the breeze.

Two Liberes and a "Dug-out"

As the canoe touched the shore Captain Jules Thoni jumped out to greet the Colonel when it transpired that the only English word known and understood by the Captain was "Hallelujah." It is wonderful how quickly Salvationists can make themselves understood, and it was not long before the Colonel had

packed a few things for the night and was speeding across the Maroni River in this rough "dug-out" which was skilfully manned by two liberes who rejoiced to be under the care of the "Armee du Salut." The smiles on the faces of these unfortunate men were only excelled by the beaming countenance of the French Captain who was so thrilled to greet a real Salvation Army comrade. Custom requirements were soon met, and Colonel Hodgson and the Captain made their way through the township. The Colonel was an object of genuine interest



Armee du Salut to restore them to lost positions in the world.

The Colonel was invited to stay for the night at the "Foyer," and when being conducted to his resting place was definitely assured, that



A prisoner in the notorious penal institution area working under guard

THE HEDGEHOG GOD

Abandoned For Christ

IN God's hands, from even the worst catastrophes good can come. It was so in China when thousands upon thousands of people were cared for in huge camps by Army Officers.

Mrs. Major Waller felt this was a great opportunity to reach the women with the Gospel. Tents were erected in each camp for them and these were in constant use for classes and meetings. It was not difficult to get the women to come. They were always waiting and just seemed to absorb the Bible stories. Their cry was, "Tell us more, for we shall soon be leaving and there will be no one to teach us."

They learned to pray. What an inspiration to see them kneeling with clasped hands and closed eyes, voicing their requests to the Father who understood all their needs. The Bible lessons and New Testament stories, including that of the crucifixion had been explained to them, and reverently they thanked the Lord Jesus for dying for them.

When the women showed signs of definite conversion, each was given a "chiu" (Salvation) character to pin to their gowns and they were very proud of the little badge—a sign that they belonged to Jesus.

An old Chinese woman, by name Ting (meaning nails), was receiving help from The Army porridge kitchen, where meetings were held. Her child became ill and the Officer called. In the yard he noticed a shrine to the hedgehog. Inquiring about it, the Officer was told that

the woman had prayed to the hedgehog about the child, but he would not answer her.

The Captain had some knowledge of medicine, so he gave the child an injection with a hypodermic needle with the result that the little sufferer was much better in a very short time, and soon quite alright again.



MODERN METHODS IN CHINA.—The Army Officer stands before the microphone to lead happy singing in an open-air meeting

When the mother was told that God's power and love made it possible for the Captain to heal the child, she said, "Hedgehog covered with spikes, but your God can do more with one spike than the hedgehog can do with all his." Mrs. Ting later attended our meetings, and finally believed in the True God. She became a Home League member and learning more of God, smashed the household shrine. Now her husband and her child are converted, and Mrs. Ting has also brought two neighbors to Jesus.

on the part of prisoners, liberes and residents of the Colony.

The way to The Salvation Army Institution lay through beautifully laid out avenues of tropical palms and trees, and it was difficult to realize that all around there were evidences and results of terrible sin. The Army's "Foyer" is splendidly situated on the outskirts of the town, being closely in touch with the centres where the Penal establishments stand and the liberes reside. It is a two-storey building, which has kindly been placed at the disposal of The Salvation Army for the benefit of those men who have been liberated from prison, but not yet entitled to leave the Colony. In addition to the Officers' Quarters there is large accommodation for sleeping the men, and also a spacious verandah, where they can have cheap and good food.

Skilful Manipulation

Right in the centre is an attractive looking hall which is devoted to recreation and reading during the day, and at night becomes a real haven of rest for the troubled and tried in spirit; the Officers conduct simple, but helpful services for the men, who attend in large numbers. The office is always a busy place, and here the Captain struggles with the private problems of the men, arranging for them with skilful manipulation, and is often found closing an interview with a broken-hearted man kneeling before the Cross in true contrition; crushed spirits are restored, and hope is born again within human hearts. Some kind of employment is found for the libere who is happy to allow the Captain to become his banker, to whom he brings the small results of his labors.

The night of the Colonel's visit the men were spoken to and it was very evident that they appreciated the effort being made by the

although the place was filled with criminals and robbers, he could rest in peace, which he did.

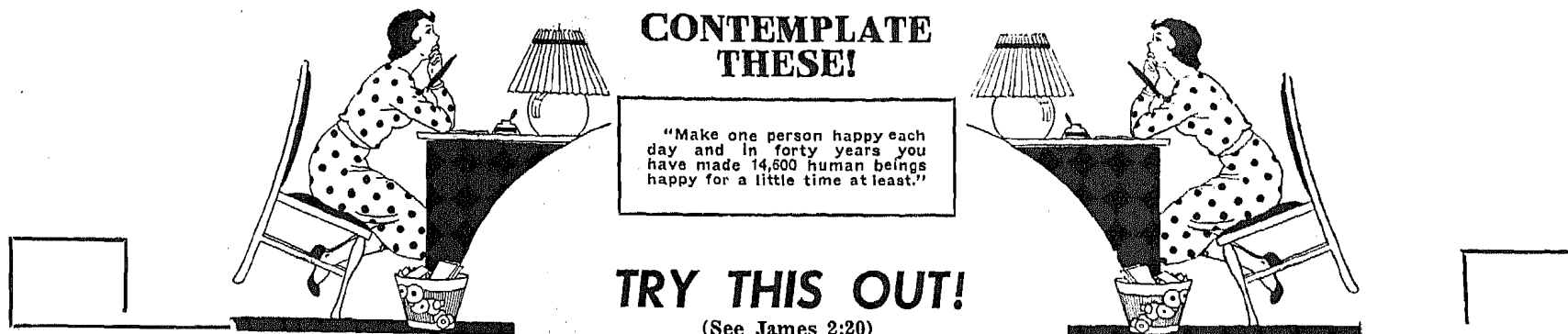
Next day the steamer duly crossed the river, and had to spend more hours on the French side, so in consequence, in company with Captain Thoni, the Colonel started out at 7 a.m. to visit the leading authorities of the town. A call was made upon the Procurator, who was filled with admiration for the work of The Salvation Army in the interests of the liberated prisoners, and hoped there would be a further extension of our influence, as the presence of the Officers had been helpful beyond expectations. Contacts in other parts of the world had enabled this legal friend to form very high hopes for

(Continued on page 14)

MISSIONARY MEMOS FROM FAR-AWAY SHORES

WHILE the open-air meeting was in progress at Kaduthula village, in India, a devil-dancer was running about the village trying to frighten the people. In this village sixty-two persons have sought and found the Saviour. It was a wonderful sight to see them kneeling in prayer seeking pardon of God. There are only 100 houses in this village.

At Pattarkulam four families were accepted as adherents under The Army Flag. All had been Hindus. Ere the meeting closed that night there were thirty persons seeking the true God; some were Hindus and others returned wanderers. After the meeting was over, a touching scene of reconciliation between two brothers took place. One had long been a Salvationist, the other was a new convert from Hinduism. All hearts were touched at the two brothers' joy.



Pray, what's the use of hurling words at people every day? When, if we lived word-preachments out, we'd gain far worthier pay From those with ears long-hardened to our "don't do this or that,"

Intended well, no doubt—but long since meaningless and flat.

For, after all, talk is so cheap, mere words don't count for much, While, if we lived our sermons out and used the subtler touch

We'd find more souls would seek our Lord, methinks, if every day We tried to witness by our acts—the good old-fashioned way.

So, come my friends—let's try it out and see what can be done

By living speech admonishments: were I a wandering son— I'd rather one should walk with me a mile along the way Than have him point the path some three-score leagues most any day!—Ethel Proctor Davis.

POINTED PATCHES

The expression, "In the doldrums" meaning "low spirits," comes from a geographical simile. The doldrums are those portions of the ocean near the Equator where calms and baffling winds prevail.

It is considered probable that the earth's core, to the extent of about one-sixth to the whole consists of metallic iron, alloyed with a small proportion of nickel and other elements.

Discipline comes from an old Greek word meaning "To learn."

Meaning of the word "Sincerity." In the old days of sculpturing if the sculptor let the chisel slip and marred the beauty of his work, he would fill in the place with wax. Hence, if it was perfect, it was expressed as being sincere — meaning "without wax."

GEM OF THOUGHT

He has an especial tenderness of love towards thee, for that thou art in the dark and hast no light, and His heart is glad when thou dost arise and say, "I will go to my Father. . . . Fold up the arms of thy faith, and wait in quietness until light goes up in the darkness."

RESTOCKING SHELVES

THIS Orange Lemon Marmalade is just the thing to restock pantry shelves as the supply of jams and jellies run low. Slice very thin 2 unpeeled lemons and 4 unpeeled medium-sized oranges. Measure the sliced fruit and add three times as much water. Mark water line with pencil on inside of kettle. Boil 45 minutes. Replace liquid boiled away with water to pencil mark.

Add 1½ cups sugar for each 2 cups of cooked fruit mixture. Cook in 2-cup lots in a large kettle, boiling vigorously until syrup gives a jelly test of thick, reluctant drops from side of spoon (12 to 15 minutes). Now add 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Boil again for about 1 minute and make a second jelly test. Pour into sterilized glasses and cover with paraffin when cold.

ALL IN THE FAMILY!

A Rainy-Day Meditation

By HELEN BAILEY

IT was a terribly wet day — the sort of day which spoils one's newest hat and makes one's stockings cling moistly round one's ankles. Yet upon my arrival at the office I was humming as cheerfully as though it were spring, much to the disgust of certain colleagues, who grunted dispiritedly, "That's quite enough of that noise. The day is bad enough without your making it worse."

Explanation

Just then I could not spare the time to explain how my own "under - the - weather" melancholy

a half-built car, as the green light changed to red. An engineer sitting precariously at the wheel of the top-less engine exchanged ribald pleasantries with the driver of the matchless car. Fellow-feeling on the road makes "wondrous kind."

Quick Action

A poorly-dressed woman sitting in front of me clutched a rather dirty child on her knee. As she ignored the little one, that enterprising infant evidently thought she would improve the shining hour with some really out-and-out screaming. In a moment a smart young lady sitting



The raiders have not stopped this baker from carrying on. Although the shop is damaged, customers are served through the boarded windows

had been changed to this blatant cheerfulness.

It had begun in the street-car. Looking through the rain-bespattered window, I had beheld a most immaculate man-about-town walking along, with a somewhat red face,

near had whipped open her bag, the little girl had clutched a candy, serenity had been restored to the car. The mother gave a grateful smile, and I wondered if the business girl had a sister or niece, for whose sake all children became

TIMELY TIPS

To shorten cooking time for beets, add a few teaspoons of vinegar to the water in which they are boiled. This will also help to keep their dark, rich color intact. When tender, rinse in cold water. The skins will then slip off easily.

When boiling rice, a few drops of lemon juice or vinegar added to the water makes the rice beautifully white and helps to separate the grains.

Milk is said to be more digestible if shaken. This is because of the admixture of air.

When stewing prunes or any of the dried fruits do not sweeten them until just before they are removed from the stove.

To keep lemons fresh and juicy put in a cool place in a bowl of cold water. Leave plenty of room for the lemons to float easily in the bowl.

THE QUALITY OF MERCY

A LADY of ninety-two years was in a hospital struck by a bomb. Covered with plaster and suffering severely from shock she was able to murmur: "God forgive them." It is worth recording that the hospital was in London and that little prayer was spoken in English.—The Peterborough Examiner.

X-RAY ENDS "EVIL EYE"

TREATMENT by X-ray has freed an aboriginal woman from the "curse of the evil eye" in Belligen, New South Wales. Missing parts of her scanty clothing after a dispute she was certain that her enemy had taken them into the mountains, recited incantations over them to the devils, and thus brought a curse on her. She became very ill, and a white man persuaded her to visit Belligen hospital rather than a tribal medicine man. As part of a pre-arranged plan she was subjected to X-rays, and told that had "debbil-debbils" been at work on her the rays would have revealed it, but the "magic machine" showed no trace. The woman recovered quickly. The treatment, doctors, say, undoubtedly saved her from death.

IN THE WOMEN'S REALM OF INTERESTS

Before pouring into glasses, it is well to cool marmalade 5 minutes, stirring frequently to prevent floating fruit. Choose oranges which are firm-meated, clean-skinned, easy to slice, and seedless.

GETTING AND GIVING

Every time you get your selfish desire fulfilled you shrink; every time you give there is an expanding of your whole nature.

beneath an umbrella which might have come out of the ark! The cover had "ridden" halfway up the spokes, making it very one-sided indeed, but it kept the rain off. Obviously the gentleman had accepted "any port in a storm." The disreputable article had been offered or appropriated in desperation. As I caught his eye I felt the comradeship in a mutual smile of understanding.

A beautiful car drew up alongside

lovable and a centre of attraction and interest.

Trifling incidents, yet they led me into deep thoughts upon the brotherhood of men. Beneath our difficult exterior, how very much alike we are in our loves and hates, in our happinesses and distresses. If we could realize that "the other fellow" feels things as we do, how much kinder often we would be! A little child's distress moves us just

as it moves the highest in the land. When we break through our reserve and share a joke with a stranger, we feel a lightening of our terrible self-importance and self-consciousness and a strange joy brightening the day. Because we are finding our friends, because we are obeying the great commandment, "Love one another," by sympathetic understanding we remember that we are all members of one great family.

COMING EVENTS

Commissioner B. Orames

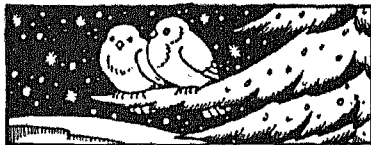
HAMILTON I: Sun Jan 5
 *OTTAWA: Sat-Sun Jan 11-12 (Young People's Councils)
 *WINDSOR, Ont.: Sat-Sun Jan 18-19 (Young People's Councils)
 EARLSCOURT: Sun Jan 26
 LISGAR STREET: Thurs Jan 30 (League of Mercy Tea)
 HERMUDA: Sat-Tues Feb 8-18 (Congress)
 *TORONTO: Sat-Sun April 5-6 (Young People's Councils)
 *Brigadier A. Keith will accompany.

COLONEL G. W. PEACOCK (The Chief Secretary)

*Galt: Fri Jan 10
 *Oshawa: Sun Jan 12
 *Hamilton: Sat-Sun Jan 25-26 (Young People's Councils)
 *London: Sat-Sun Feb 1-2 (Young People's Councils)
 *Montreal: Sat-Sun Feb 22-23 (Young People's Councils)
 *Orillia: Sat-Sun April 19-20 (Young People's Councils)
 *Mrs. Peacock will accompany
 *Brigadier A. Keith will accompany

LIEUT.-COLONEL HOGGARD: Parliament Street, Sun Jan 5; Ottawa I, Sat-Sun 18-19

"ENLISTMENT FOR CHRIST"



Sun.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.	Fri.	Sat.
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	

LET your motto for this Campaign month and throughout the year be "Every hour and every power for Christ and duty."

Brigadier J. Atkinson: Winnipeg I, Tues-Sun Dec 31-Jan 12
 Brigadier G. Carter: Brampton, Sun Jan 19
 Brigadier Wm. Dray: Hamilton, Fri Jan 10
 Mrs. Brigadier Ellsworth: London II, Sat-Sun Jan 11-12
 Brigadier Gillingham: Prince George, Sun Jan 12; Metlakatla, Thurs 16; Ketchikan, Sat-Sun 18-19; Wrangell, Mon 20
 Brigadier Keith: Peterboro, Mon Jan 6; Ottawa, Mon 13; London, Thurs Feb 20
 Major Betts: Brock Avenue, Sun Jan 28 (evening)
 Major Fairhurst: Brock Avenue, Sun Jan 26 (evening)

NEW THINGS FOR

THE NEW YEAR

OUR readers will notice a change in the general layout of the White-winged Messenger with this the first issue of the New Year.

It will be seen that an endeavor has been made to introduce a number of features, acceptable, we hope, to a wider circle of readers than formerly, while not omitting those items that are of peculiar value to our own Army folk.

As mentioned last week a number of interesting letters have been received from readers containing helpful suggestions, and some of these we hope to publish later. Comments of approval, or otherwise, concerning the current number will be welcomed by the Editor, who is also anxious that The War Cry shall be of help to the greatest number of readers.

At all times, in all issues, it will be the aim of the Editorial staff to maintain the high standard of spiritual ideals and purposes which have characterized the Canadian War Cry in the past.

CATHEDRAL MOODS

(Continued from page 4)

added humor to God's Temple. And I cannot think that God was displeased. More than once a lively sense of humor has relieved the tension of over-wrought nerves in days of strain.

There is no jerry-building at Winchester!

I found a parable in a small delicately-sculptured boss on the tomb of a long-deceased bishop. The visible portion of the tomb was a dream in lacy marble. I put my fingers up behind an overhanging section, into a space never seen by human eyes. There, all the way along, I could feel the sensitive work of the artist, every line clean and true, every little marble boss as gracefully formed as those that were to be seen on the outside.

It is not fashionable to moralize. But I cannot resist the temptation to suggest that if you and I were as thorough in the building of our secret selves as those old masters were in beautifying the unseen, our lives would be far more effective than they actually are.

The verger showed me three pillars that are paragons of persistency. In the second century A.D. they supported the roof of a Roman temple. Later they were set to work in a Saxon church. And for the past eight hundred years they have upheld their assigned weight of masonry in Winchester Cathedral. When old churches were built,

the workmen could not write. But each craftsman had his own mark. We saw the mark of a stonemason on one great block that he had placed in the growing wall. This mark was repeated on other blocks near by and the verger added that at Salisbury his mark is also to be found, as well as in several other places about the country. He is an unknown workman, but he was so efficient that he was in constant demand. He left his mark in the world. Perhaps in the sight of Heaven his life was deemed of greater worth than the lives of some whose bones are still interred in marble mausoleums within the Cathedral walls. Who knows?

I was interested to discover the origin of the expression about having one's "back to the wall." No seats were supplied for the comfort of Cathedral-goers in those far-off times. But at intervals about the walls were low stone ledges where the weak and tired, after standing awhile, could rest their weary bones, with their backs against the wall—tuckered right out!

There is so much more one could write, but space forbids. As I left the sacred precincts of that old shrine, I offered a silent supplication to Almighty God that my life in all its moods should display something of the sovereign symmetry and strength and grace of Winchester Cathedral.

POWER FOR SERVICE

(Continued from page 5)

of holy fire. Pentecostal power alone will bring Pentecostal results.

Is there not an experience for God's people, similar in kind and degree to that experienced by the apostles? We say similar in kind, because the real secret of the mighty change in the character and conduct of the apostles was not in the power of speaking with tongues, nor in the power to work miracles, but in the possession of the Holy Spirit Himself. Power dwells in a person, and that person is God the Holy Ghost. He does not hire out His attributes, as some vainly imagine; He comes to our hearts Himself. To receive Him in His fulness is to receive power. His gifts vary with the ages, sometimes bestowed, and sometimes withheld. His administrations differ according to the needs of the Church and the times, but He Himself remains the same. "I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you for ever."

This same power must, therefore, be possible to us which was received by the apostles on and after the day of Pentecost. We are still in the dispensation of the Spirit. The might of God was not exhausted at Pentecost. That was simply a specimen day; an earnest and pledge of a still further manifestation of God to men. The promise still stands, "I will pour out My Spirit upon all flesh."

The experience of Dwight L. Moody, the great American evangelist, is striking, and fits well in

with our theme—we give it in his own words: "When I was preaching in Farewell Hall in Chicago, I never worked harder to prepare my sermons than I did then. I preached and preached; but it was beating against the air. A good woman used to say: 'Mr. Moody, you don't seem to have power in your preaching.' Oh, my desire was that I might have a fresh anointing! I requested this woman and a few others to come and pray with me every Friday at four o'clock."

Pressed Down and Running Over

"Oh, how piteously I prayed that God might fill the empty vessel! After the fire in Chicago, I was in New York City, and going into the Bank on Wall Street, it seemed as if I felt a strange and mighty power coming over me. I went up to the hotel, and there in my room I wept before God, and cried, 'Oh, my God, stay Thy hand.' He gave me such fulness that it seemed more than I could contain. May God forgive me if I should seem to speak in a boastful way; but I do not know that I have preached a sermon since but God has given me some soul. I would not be back where I was four years ago for all the wealth of the world."

"I seem a wonder to some; but I am a greater wonder to myself than to any one else. These are the very same sermons I preached in Chicago, word for word. They are not new sermons; but the power of God. It is not a new Gospel; but the old Gospel with Holy Ghost power."

(Continued foot of column 4)

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DAYS

Councils for Young People will be conducted at the following centres:

COMMISSIONER B. ORAMES IN COMMAND

Ottawa Jan. 12
 Windsor Jan. 19
 Toronto Apr. 6
 (Brigadier A. Keith will accompany)

THE CHIEF SECRETARY IN CHARGE

Hamilton Jan. 26
 London Feb. 2
 Montreal Feb. 23
 Orillia Apr. 20
 (Brigadier A. Keith will accompany)

THE FIELD SECRETARY IN CHARGE

Peterboro Apr. 20

THE TERRITORIAL YOUNG PEOPLE'S SECRETARY IN CHARGE

Kingston Feb. 16

"DEAR MOTHER . . ."

A Khaki-clad Son Makes Some Sensible Suggestions

I HAVE a boy in khaki. So, perhaps have you. Or maybe he is in the air force blue, or in the deep blue of the navy. Here are some hints my boy has given me, either by word, or by letter, or just telepathy!

"Dear mother, please don't send me 'itchy' things. I get enough of them supplied free from the quartermaster's stores. If you make me socks, or a scarf, make them of good soft wool."

"Please don't pack my parcel up and tie it carelessly. If you only knew how a fellow felt when his parcel was handed to him in front of all the other chaps with half its contents hanging out, I know you'd be extra careful."

"And please don't tell me how much you miss me, and what a cruel war it is, and how tired you are, and when you felt like crying. I've got to keep my end up and it isn't always easy, but it's much easier, mum, if you write cheerful letters. Anyway, sometimes it takes me so long to get the letters that the troubles you wrote about are over and forgotten long before I start worrying over them."

"I do get a thrill when I get a parcel. Did you know how much I enjoyed that cake, and the chocolate? We shared it at night before we went to bed, the other boys who are in my hut and I, and it sent us to sleep thinking of you. Good dreams those."

"And oh, mum, when you send me pairs of things, will you stitch them together with wool a different color. The other day I tried to cut my socks apart and made a lovely hole!"

"And, mum, I'm so glad you told The Army folks about me. I love their letters and parcels, and when there's a canteen near I always go in and get a cup of tea. The tea is plentiful and good, but what I like best is the chance to talk about you and the Corps. They nearly always know something about it, and it's like a breath of home."

(From The War Cry, London).

SUCCOR AND SYMPATHY

(Continued from page 8)

gether with shrapnel, went flying down the stairs and escalators. An ambulance standing nearby could not be put into immediate use, for both the driver and attendant were lyind dead beside it.

The Army's First-Aid Post was nearest at hand and the stretcher-bearers brought the casualties down. Station officials and shelter marshals rallied around the Captain until a doctor arrived. Between fifty and sixty serious casualties were treated. One of them was an intoxicated man with staring eyes who kept on repeating: "It's coming; it's coming," and shrinking away. He had been standing at the bar when his wife was killed at his side.

The Corps Officers follow up the cases brought to their attention in the rendering of First-Aid, visiting in homes and the hospitals those they have found to be in particular distress.

On a night later the stationmaster was heard giving a report over the telephone.

During the night he dictated, "The Salvation Army has been busy. I cannot speak too highly of their work."

To the Captain he said, "What you have done here has made me think again about some things in which I had lost faith."

(Continued from column 3)

Such is Mr. Moody's account of the anointing which made him what he was. Nothing else can make a man so powerful and glorious in his life and history. The wonder is that any Christian worker can be content to work without it. With it we shall accomplish more in one year than in a hundred years of working in our own strength. If we spent half as much time in positive prayer for this anointing as is spent in wishful thinking, there would not be workers enough to help those who would be seeking their way to Jesus. Prayer and faith are the indispensable conditions.

(To be continued)

LISGAR STREET'S NOTABLE ACHIEVEMENT

Can Any Corps Beat It?

BY using "blitzkrieg" tactics Lisgar Street Citadel comrades, organized by their Corps Officers, Adjutant and Mrs. W. Ross, registered the splendid achievement of distributing no fewer than 1,960 copies of The War Cry Christmas Number.

The various "mechanized" (cars were also pressed into the service) units, had little difficulty in reaching—and overrunning—their objectives and but a few days sufficed to dispose of their ammunition. "Mopping-up" squads completed the campaign.

Boomers who had sold twenty-five or more copies sat down to a Victory Supper on Wednesday evening last in the lower Hall, and later received the congratulations of the Divisional Commander, Brigadier T. H. Mundy, and the Editor-in-Chief who also addressed the happy gathering. Adjutant and Mrs. Ross related interesting experiences and Sergeant-Major Dray closed with prayer.

Sergeant Murdock was announced champion boomer, having sold 700 copies.

THE FOUNDER'S MOTTO

A One-word Message—"Others"

SELDOM during the Festive Season does a certain Toronto resident fail to bring to the notice of the readers of the city's daily newspapers one of The Army Founder's characteristic mottoes. His letter reads:

"I again take the liberty of drawing your readers' attention to the fact that the late General Booth of The Salvation Army used to send a message to his Officers throughout the world at Christmas time, and that was just one word, 'Others.' So let us all think of 'Others' this Christmas."

W. J. Arnott.

In a world given increasingly over to selfishness and narrow vision this all-embracing one-word motto might well be adopted by all nations all the year round.

Recently the Somerset, Bermuda, Corps was visited by Major and Mrs. Pollock and various Corps and

REMEMBERING THE POOR AND NEEDY

Yuletide Activities in the Territory



"THE ARMY thinks of everything," a truism spoken by the late Lord Tweedsmuir, must have been reiterated by citizens throughout the Canadian Territory this Yuletide. The poor and needy were not forgotten at a time when the attention of the average person was directed to wartime activities, and a generous response was the outcome.

Varied novel methods were used to attract hurrying Christmas shoppers on busy street corners where stood The Army "kettle" slung on sturdy tripod, and guarded by a smiling Army lassie.

At the Territorial Centre the Training College Cadets found that minding the "Christmas pots" was an experience enhanced by many helpful incidents.

Luxuriously clothed gentle-folk to whom the hardness of life had never been a reality, gave largely; those whose busy lives precluded the possibility of personal distribution to the poor, gladly trusted The Army to do it for them; many who had known sacrifice and suffering gave in gratitude, realizing full well what a well-filled basket meant to a mother with hungry children expecting Christmas fare; children smiled to hear their offerings merrily mingle with other coins, and even shivering newsboys quietly slipped in an extra dime.

A scarlet-cloaked quartet of Cadets, reminiscent of medieval carol-singers, gave pleasing renditions of favorite Christmas songs at

each "stand." Jingling bells and a hearty "God bless you"—a bit startling to sophisticated shoppers—served to remind them that The Army spirit was one in which "Inasmuch" played a large part.

Everywhere in the Dominion, with the possible exception of the Pacific Coast area, low temperatures made uniformed workers tingle with cold, but any discomfort was gladly borne for the sake of Him whose love warmed their hearts.

In a hundred towns and cities Bandsmen, with wrapped instruments, played songs rich in memory of more peaceful days, but with a prophetic note of "Goodwill to all mankind." Songsters braved whirling snow to send on the wintry wind the good news of a Saviour born for all mankind.

Corps Officers, already burdened with extra calls, found time to distribute Christmas War Crys to shut-ins and lonely and sick folk; to see that the poor had a little extra for Christmas and that children's stockings would not be empty.

To Army War Service Officers and Workers the season gave opportunities for added service. At every Red Shield Centre arrangements were made to help make the "boys" feel as much at home as loving hearts and constantly busy hands could do.

The public this year as in the past endorsed The Army's work and were happy to have the Organization be the medium whereby their practical generosity might be distributed to those for whom the blessed time of giving would otherwise have been but a heart-ache.

DAY OF HELPFUL INFLUENCES

Commissioner Orames Leads Stimulating Meetings at North Toronto—Drug Addict Seeks Salvation

WHILE Soldiers and friends gathered in the North Toronto Citadel on Christmas Sunday evening prayerfully sang the Founder's favorite carol, "To save a poor

meeting being in progress, someone had dealt with him in the vestibule and tenderly led him to the Penitent-Form.

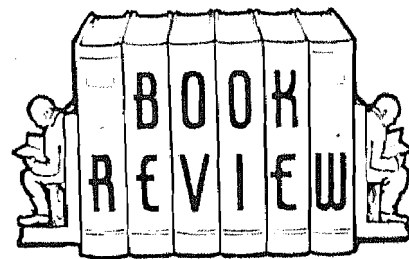
So finished a day of elevating influences and spirit stimulation led by the Territorial Commander, Commissioner B. Orames, who with Mrs. Orames, was gladly greeted by the Corps Officers, Adjutant and Mrs. Johnson, and comrades who turned out in goodly numbers.

During the Holiness meeting the Commissioner recalled Christmases spent in far-away lands, and his description of a visit to such a sacred spot as the reputed birthplace of Jesus illuminated his forceful Bible message. The coming of Jesus meant the offering of many gifts to mankind, the speaker stated, one of which is the gift of freedom—liberty from forces that enslave the mind and entangle the heart. Those bound to Jesus by love are actually the freemen of earth and heaven!

Much seasonal music provided by the Band, Songster Brigade, Songster Mrs. Murray and the congregation brightened the Salvation meeting which stressed the appeal of the Christmas season that "Richer by far is the heart's adoration." Songster Mrs. Rowe read the "story of stories" from the "Book of books."

The two comings of Jesus provided the theme of the Commissioner's inspired message. Retelling the incidents surrounding the advent of the Babe of Bethlehem, the Commissioner also referred to the prophesied coming of Jesus as a King to claim His Kingdom. In solemn and earnest words the need for soul-preparation was made clear.

The prayer meeting had hardly begun before the moving Mercy-Seat victory already mentioned took place. Lieut.-Colonel Jennings (R) closed with prayer.



"HIS OWN RECEIVED HIM NOT, BUT..."

By DONALD GREY BARNHOUSE

"BUT..." Never, surely, was a single conjunction so stupendously important. In his scripturally-titled book, "His own received Him not, but..." Dr. Barnhouse, writing with the same vigor that has placed him in the van of American evangelistic preachers, points to this monosyllable in the 11th verse of the Gospel according to St. John as the hinge upon which swung, during the earthly ministry of Jesus, the Door of Destiny—the door through which Jesus walked out of national limits into the realm of universality.

Jesus came first "to His own"; offering to fulfil all that the Scriptures promised concerning the Kingdom of God on earth. The leaders of the Jews, because of their unregenerate hearts, rejected the righteousness, holiness and justice which must be at the base of all God's gifts to man. His own people received Him not, but... And here, asserts the writer, is the decisive turning point in the dramatic career of Jesus. Now comes a new vocabulary to fit a new mission; a new emphasis; a new message. "His own" henceforth takes on a double meaning. His own of the earth will always be the physical children of Abraham, but His Heavenly people are also His own whom He "loved unto the end."

Such an interpretation of the verse resolves what many critics have called the dissonances in the harmonic structure of the Gospels; for instance, the meek and the whip-lash statements of Jesus, which, on the surface, would seem to contradict each other, become perfectly tongue-and-grooved. The policeman speaks gently to the child crossing the road, but he roars at the car driver who "lobbies" out of his lane. The whisper and the roar seem not to have come from the same man—but they did. Differing circumstances needed different handlings, but basically there was one idea—the preservation of the rights of the road.

So then because the earthly life of our Lord fell into two chapters, He spoke two languages; He presented two aspects of character; but there was one foundation idea, that of the revelation of the love and fatherhood of God—firstly to the chosen nation, latterly to the all-embracing whosoever.

Through fourteen reference-laden chapters the author develops his key-thought, and succeeds in producing a volume that throws light into several crannies where might lurk perplexities for the ardent Scripture searcher.—PENMAN.

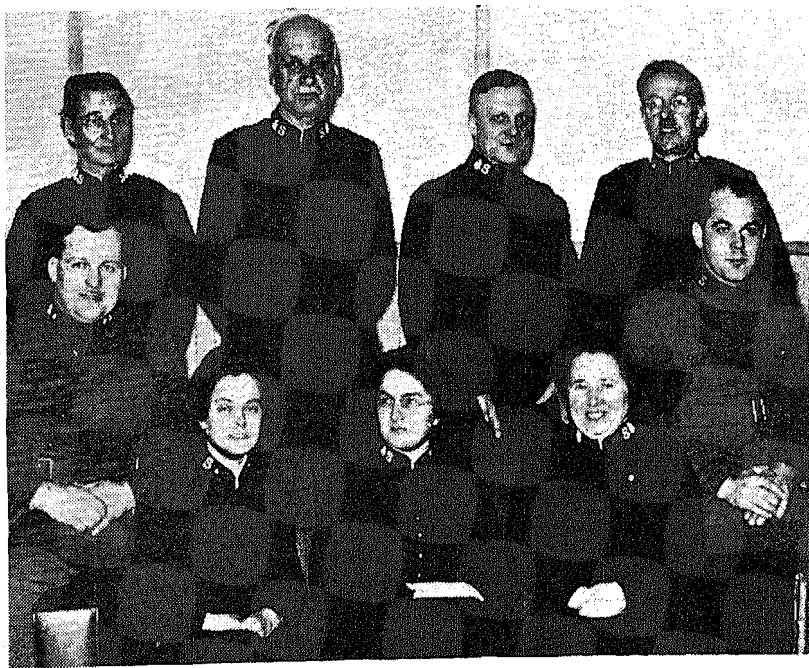
Available from the Trade Department, 20 Albert Street, Toronto. Price \$1.25, postage extra.

FOR WAR WORK

Simcoe, Ont., Corps (Pro-Lieutenant A. McCordquodale) bade a regretful farewell to Captain and Mrs. M. Pilfrey who are taking up War Work in the military training camp at Woodstock, Ont.

During their two years' stay these Officers endeared themselves to the Corps and to the community, and the splendidly re-modelled Temple will serve as a reminder of the Captain's efforts and interest.

On Tuesday evening comrades and friends gathered to wish Captain and Mrs. Pilfrey a final God-speed. A number of friends, representing the school board, business men and the clergy were present and spoke.



IN THE MARITIMES.—Present at the recent opening of The Army's Red Shield Centre at Debert, N.S., besides Commissioner B. Orames who officiated, were, left to right (standing): Major Snowden, Brigadier Dray, Major Morrison. Seated: Adjutant and Mrs. Ford, Mrs. Major Morrison, Mrs. Major Snowden and Lieutenant Fisher.

Institutional Officers. Preceding the public meeting, the Officers enjoyed a Council and supper, served by the Somerset Home League members. Lieutenants D. Holmes and R. Woolcott were welcomed to the Bermuda Islands.

sinner like me," a drug addict was broken-heartedly kneeling at the Mercy-Seat to find God. A few minutes later he testified that while passing the Hall he had seemed to feel a hand on his shoulder pushing him towards the Citadel door. The

REMEMBER

The Salvation Army In Your Will!

THE SALVATION ARMY is a great League of Mercy and pity raised up to help and bless humanity. We have no large and rich membership to support this work, and depend entirely upon the generosity of our friends.

Our needs at this time are extremely great, necessitating funds far beyond our ability to raise in ordinary contributions. Will you not make a provision in your will for a contribution to, or an endowment of, the work of The Salvation Army, which is legally competent to accept all bequests and devices made for its benefit?

Friends or their solicitors are invited to write to Commissioner Benjamin Orames, Territorial Headquarters, 20 Albert Street, Toronto, Ont., for further information.

DO IT TO-DAY!

FRUITFUL SERVICE

Large crowds attended week-end meetings at Winnipeg Citadel, Manitoba (Major and Mrs. Zarfas). The monthly Youth Forum was a successful event. The "Fireside Hour" is an innovation that is attracting young people.

Many expressions were voiced of the deep regard in which Salvationists held Sister Mrs. Donnelly who had been suddenly promoted to Glory after many years of faithful soldiering. The life of the late Brigadier Harry Dray was eulogized. His untiring efforts in the Citadel Corps while he was the very able Young People's Sergeant-Major still bear fruit for the Master.

A successful and largely-attended Corps sale was opened by Mrs. Edith Rogers.

SILVER STAR AWARD

The Divisional Commander, Brigadier Mundy, led the last Friday night Holiness meeting of the series at the Toronto Temple, with Lieut.-Colonel R. Hoggard bringing a direct message.

In an impressive ceremony, Sister Mrs. Gray was presented with the Silver Star and Certificate. The audience was thrilled by the testimonies of a recent seeker of Holiness, and an air force Salvationist. The "Crusaders" brought a message in song.

FIFTY YEARS' SERVICE

Capital City Salvationist-Musician Enters Honorable Retirement

Ottawa, Ont. (Adjutant and Mrs. P. Lindores). A week-end of special meetings conducted by Lieut.-Colonel J. Merritt, with whom was the Divisional Commander, Lieut.-Colonel G. Best, marked the retirement of Bandmaster James Harris, who has completed fifty years of Army Bandmastership, thirty-five years being spent in charge of the Ottawa I Band.

During the week-end, letters of tribute from Army leaders were read, and the Bandmaster was presented with a Certificate of Retirement. Musical meetings were held on the Saturday and Monday evenings, and on Sunday Lieut.-Colonel Merritt led spiritually uplifting gatherings.

MAYOR PRESIDES

A special event at Prince Albert, Sask. (Adjutant and Mrs. Smith), was the Corps sale. Mrs. Adjutant Smith was in charge, and was ably assisted by women of the Corps. Mayor Brock, who opened the sale, made mention of the good work being done by The Army in the city.

A quiet wedding was recently solemnized when Bandmaster Fred Perry and Young People's Sergeant-Major Olive Miller were united in marriage by Adjutant C. A. Smith, the wedding being conducted in the Officers' Quarters. The couple were attended by Miss June Miller and Mr. William Digners. Both the bride and groom are active workers in the Corps and their wedding was of much interest.

The presence of God was felt in a Sunday evening meeting.

SALVATIONIST SAILORS

When the Corps sale and tea was held at Halifax I Citadel, N.S. (Major and Mrs. Bexton), Home League Local Officers, with the members and comrades united to make the event interesting and successful.

When it was known that Salvationist members of H.M.C. Naval Band had permission to give a program in the evening interest was intensified. Their efforts were heartily appreciated. These men, though far away from home, are anxious to be of service for God and The Army whenever possible.

ALASKAN ADVANCES

The Divisional Commander, Brigadier J. Gillingham, was warmly welcomed at Port Simpson, B.C. (Field-Captain and Mrs. Offutt). Sunday morning in the Grace United Church the Divisional leader gave an inspiring and uplifting message. During the afternoon meeting, a dedication service was conducted. The Brigadier's talk to the native children was an enjoyable feature.

In the Salvation meeting the Rev. T. Collwell led in prayer. Local Officers' commissions were presented, and the Soldiers were blessed and encouraged.

MAN AND WIFE FIND GOD

Saskatoon West Side, Sask. (Major and Mrs. Coleman) comrades are in the front line



when three persons voluntarily came to the Penitent-Forn.

"Joy reigned supreme" when Brigadier E. Owen, accompanied by Adjutant Bryant, Captain A. Brown and Brother Don Peacock, conducted a happy Christmas meeting with inmates of the Langstaff institution. Chocolate bars were distributed, and a program of carol singing, instrumental and vocal items cheered the patients.

of the war and God is saving souls. On a recent Sunday night a man and his wife sought pardon, and a backslider returned to the Fold.

Major H. White, of Bethany Hospital, was in charge of the farewell meeting for Adjutant Osell, and spoke of her faithful service. On Monday evening the Soldiers and friends held a social evening in honor of the Adjutant.

Adjutant Sharp has been given a hearty welcome.

We Are Looking For You!

The Salvation Army will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, befriend, and, so far as is possible, assist anyone in difficulty.

One dollar, should where possible, be sent with enquiry, to help defray expenses. Address the Men's Social Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 2, in the case of men, marking "Enquiry" on the envelope.

In the case of women, please notify the Women's Social Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto.

GILLAN, Michael Phillip—Height 5 ft. 4 ins.; weight approximately 155 lbs.; grey eyes; light-brown hair; medium build. Left Halifax in 1935. Longshoreman by trade. May be in Vancouver. M4197

McARTHUR, Archie—Born in Scotland in 1905. Height 5 ft. 5 ins.; red hair; blue-grey eyes; fair complexion. Worked as farm laborer. Emigrated to Canada in 1924; parents and brother Hugh accompanied him. M4168

CAMPBELL Hugh—Born in Ireland. Age 38 years; medium height; brown hair; blue eyes; fair complexion. Was employed at Glasgow shipyards before emigrating to Canada. Known to have been in Kingston. M4412

SAICH, Dan.—Russian. Known to have worked in Biggar, Sask., also Charlton, near North Battleford. Wife in Russia very anxious for news. M4172

LEWERY, Frederick James—Born in London, Eng. Age 49 years; height 5 ft. 8 ins.; light hair; hazel eyes; fair complexion. Missing four years. Occupation, furnaceman and janitor. M4140

BROOKS, Robert—Born in Fesserton, Ont. Age 21 years; height 6 ft.; black wavy hair; grey eyes; dark complexion; left shoulder droops. Missing

MELFORT ENTHUSIASTS

Keenly interested in doing "their bit" in providing comforts for servicemen are these happy-faced members of the Melfort R.S.W.A. Lieutenant Ivan Jackson is the Corps Officer

dark hair. Last heard from in 1935 from Winnipeg. M4423

RANKIN, David—The sister of this man is anxious for news. Born in Scotland. Tall; medium complexion. Known to have been in Montreal. Fair greying hair. Last heard from twenty years ago. M4413

LAMPI, Fritti (known as Erkki Sanfrid Lahnampi)—Born in Toholampi, Finland. Age 39 years; dark hair and complexion. Forest workman. Emigrated to Canada in 1927; last heard of in 1938 from Port Arthur, Ont. M4408

IMMONEN, Kalle Viitho—Born in Jappila, Finland. Age 38 years; single; brown hair; blue-grey eyes. Left Finland in 1927; last heard of in 1932 from Prince George, B.C. Mother anxious. M3789

JEFFERY, Charles Herbert—Born in Thrapston, Northants. Age 26 years; height 5 ft. 10 ins.; blue eyes; fair hair; fair complexion. Emigrated to Canada in 1928. Sister anxious. M4382

LAHTINEN, Kalle Fredrik—Born in Padasjoki, Finland. Age 49 years; brown hair and eyes; medium complexion. Occupation, forest workman. Emigrated in 1928. Last heard from in 1938. M4407

SKEANS, William—Born in Newfoundland. Age 42 years. Two years ago he resided in Chapeau; was affiliated with the Y.M.C.A. May now be living in the West. Father anxious. M4380

BROWN, Frederick—Born in Feversham, Kent, Eng. Parents, Annie and Alfred Brown. Fair complexion. Last heard from Toronto in 1918; now believed to be in Alberta. Age 56 years; height 5 ft. 11 ins. Sister Minnie anxious. M4322

DAHL, Eskil Nikanor—Born in Urjala, Finland. Age 33 years; brown hair; grey eyes; single. Left Finland in 1930. Lived in Vancouver. M4324

HAMBERG, Kalle Jalmar—Born in Tiiovakka, Finland. Age 41 years; single. Occupation, forest workman. Father and sister anxious. M4336

SALVOARRA, Eino (Imari)—Born in Talvassola, Finland. Age 47 years; dark hair; dark complexion. Left Finland in 1929. Occupation, electrician. Last known address in 1930 was Montreal. Brother anxious to hear. M4336

SIMILA, Jaakko—Born in Vihti, Finland. Age 51 years; dark hair; blue eyes. Emigrated to Canada in 1926. Last heard from in 1931. M4337

SIPINEN, Nestori—Born in (Continued on page 15)

greater Salvation Army service.

An introduction was next secured to the Administrator of the Penal settlement, and for some time he conversed with the Colonel regarding Salvation Army operations in many lands, finally referring to the help he received from Officers stationed in the Colony. He kindly arranged an introduction to the Director of the Prison, who courteously accompanied the visitor to all parts of the Prison Camp, carefully explaining the classes being dealt with and the efforts put forth for their treatment.

Interesting Handiwork

The Colonel visited individual cells, hospitals, library, baths, and administration offices, where he was introduced to the staff who devote their lives to this work. Some of the most vicious cases were visited, including a man who was destined to surrender his life the following day for his misdeeds in Camp. An interesting exhibition was the very wonderful collection of articles made by the men from the native woods; butterfly-wing pictures; cases of spiders, and all classes of insects found in the tropical forests.

A siren intimated that the steamer was ready to leave, and a quick journey had to be made to the river-side. The Colonel's visit had

been so impressive that many wanted to help him to the wharf, and there was not enough luggage to be carried. The officials stood at the salute whilst The Army leader passed the Administration buildings. When the boat pulled out there were visible signs of regret on the faces of the Officers and the liberes who are under The Army's care. Strong efforts were made to secure the promise of a speedy return.

Early next morning the outline of Devil's Island was defined on the horizon, and shortly afterwards the official launch set out from shore to meet the anchored steamer. In this launch the rowing crew was composed of French prisoners located on the Island, and it was pathetic to see such splendid physical forms being gradually emaciated by tropical conditions and isolation. On many faces could be seen the lines and marks of high intelligence and good up-bringing, and they seemed to be out of their element in pulling oars and dragging heavy boxes of merchandise from steamer to launch.

Within sight are the adjacent islands of St. Joseph and Royal Island upon which are other classes of

prisoners of various degrees and punishments.

It is a joy to know that Salvation Army Officers are familiar figures amongst these unfortunate residents, and that something is done to turn the attention of downcast men to the things of God. As the steamer turned away from this small group of islands there were many signs of a return to loneliness and abject abandonment.

Three hours later the beautifully-wooded coast of the mainland came into view, and standing out plainly could be seen the land upon which stands the town of Cayenne. Many modern buildings are seen on the shore. As the steamer rounded the corner of the island the long wharf came into view and it was not long before it was possible to detect the anxiously waiting Officers—Captains Chastagnier and Palpont who promptly showed their excitement at the arrival of a comrade from overseas. Formalities over the Colonel was warmly greeted on the dock, and shortly afterwards started out for The Army "Foyer," which is already named "Maison de France," in order to give its patrons a touch with home. Mrs. Captain

Chastagnier and her three sweet children were greeted, and it was not long before conversation (through the able translation of Captain Charles Palpont) was enjoyed.

A tour of the Institution disclosed that splendid provision is made for the liberated prisoners who are catered for in many ways. There was free sleeping accommodation for more than one hundred, and above that number the men found some place near as possible under The Army's roof. Although it meant sleeping in an outside passage, it was at least within The Army's gate, where they felt safe and protected, and where food could be obtained for very little money.

At Government House

A gracious invitation to attend Government House was extended to the Colonel, and he was asked to bring with him Captain Chastagnier and Captain Palpont. They were further honored by a request to stay to lunch, and afterwards the interview was continued with interest. His Excellency expressed the warmest admiration for the work of The Salvation Army, and particularly the splendid efforts which have been put forth in French Guiana in the interests of the liberes.

ON DEVIL'S ISLAND

(Continued from page 10)



Promoted To Glory

SISTER MRS. CHAPMAN

Winnipeg Citadel
The oldest Soldier on the Winnipeg Roll was recently called Home in the person of Sister Mrs. Chapman, who, while not able to be at the battle's front, for many years regularly took a supply of War Crys and supervised their sale.



The funeral service was conducted by Major Zarfaz and was largely attended. Brother Chapman, although in his nineties, is able to be brought to special meetings. Bandsman John Chapman, long a member of the bass section of the Citadel Band, now on active service, passed through the city on the morning of his mother's funeral.

SISTER MRS. DONNELLY

Winnipeg Citadel
Sister Mrs. Donnelly, whose name will ever be linked with that of the local Home League, was suddenly called from her place in the Winnipeg Citadel Corps. There have been only two secretaries since the League's inception at this Corps, and Mrs. Donnelly held that position until a few years ago.

The Divisional leaders, Brigadier and Mrs. Geo. Wilson, assisted Major and Mrs. Zarfaz in the funeral service. The Major told the large company gathered of Mrs. Donnelly's triumphant passing. Her son, George, travelled by plane from Vancouver, and her daughter, Mrs. Albert Stevens, hurried from Regina, both reaching her in time to say good-bye. Although speech was gone, Mrs. Donnelly made all understand by the upward pointing of her finger that all was well.

BROTHER DAVE JENKINS

Los Angeles, Calif.
Brother Dave Jenkins, whose promotion to Glory was announced in a recent issue, was drummer of the Temple Band for many years. He went overseas in the Great War and lost an arm. He was well-known in Toronto, and commanded the respect of all who met him. He moved to California some years ago and was a loyal Soldier at (Continued foot column 5)

HANDICAPPED HELPERS

Deaf Home Leaguers Aid St. Thomas Event

The Divisional Young People's Secretary, Major O. Schwartz, conducted Corps Cadet Sunday at St. Thomas, Ont. (Adjutant and Mrs. Weber). The services during the day were inspiring and helpful. Papers were read in both meetings by Corps Cadets, and many were blessed. One person sought the Blessing of Holiness.

The Major also opened the Corps sale, and was assisted by Mrs. Adjutant Chambers (P). Among other well-made articles were those made by the deaf women of the Home League who participate actively in the life of the League and Corps.

ELEVEN SURRENDERS

On a recent Sunday morning at Blaketown, Nfld. (Lieutenant Brushett, Candidate George), after a soul-stirring message by the Lieutenant eleven persons came to the Mercy-Seat. Corps Cadet Aubrey Pike brought the evening message. Large crowds are attending the meetings.

STRENGTHENING THE ROLL

The Corps Cadets recently conducted Sunday's meetings at Chilliwack, B.C. (Captain M.

HOME FROM OVERSEAS

Hamilton B. Ont. (Major and Mrs. Hillier). A sale and tea, opened by Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Ritchie, was successful.

Mr. J. Falka presided over the evening program, arranged by Sister Mrs. Wilkins, Band of Love Leader.

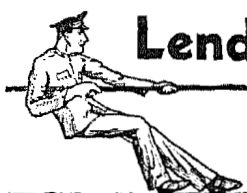
Color Sergeant F. Barker, returned from active service overseas, was welcomed home. Words of welcome were spoken by various comrades, including Brother F. Roy who led the Color Sergeant to Christ during the first Great War.

BLESSING THE PEOPLE

During Brigadier G. Wilson's visit to Portage la Prairie, Man. (Adjutant and Mrs. Newby), meetings, full of interest, blessed indoor and outdoor audiences. The Band supplied music for the Training Centre Church Parade.

COMRADES CARRY ON

Comrades at Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. (Adjutant and Mrs. Matthews) welcomed the Adjutant following his illness, and voiced their appreciation of Mrs.



Lend YOUR Weight

in Prayer and Effort

to the

"ENLISTMENT FOR CHRIST" CAMPAIGN

And Begin Now!

Battrick, Lieutenant D. Taylor). In the evening a series of Bible stories were given. The Divisional Commander, Brigadier M. Junker, recently commissioned a Young People's Singing Company of eleven members, with Sister Mrs. Touzeau as leader. The Divisional leader conducted the week-end's meetings and enrolled five Senior Soldiers.

Successful events have been the Home League supper and social evening at which the oldest member, Sister Mrs. Eyles, 83 years of age, was present.

Matthew's effort during his absence. Adjutant Deskin, Captain C. Ferris, the Rev. J. Dudgeon, and Mrs. J. A. Wallace were interesting speakers during well-attended meetings.

YOUNG PARTICIPANTS

Major Tucker and Captain Schlievert have been given a warm welcome at Rhodes Avenue, Toronto. Sunday's meetings, conducted by Captain L. Knight, brought much blessing and inspiration. Several young people gave short talks.

Our CAMERA CORNER

Two socks for every year is the record of Sister Mrs. Puddister, of the Danforth R.S.W.A. She is 78 years of age and has completed her 78th pair of socks for servicemen



WE ARE LOOKING FOR YOU!

(Continued from page 14)

Sulkava, Finland. Age 50 years; medium height; brown hair. Left Finland nineteen years ago; last heard of four years ago. Occupation, tailor. Relative enquires. M4328

THUJIMAA, Juho—Born in Vihti, O.I. Finland. Age 45 years; medium height; brown hair. Left Finland in 1936; last heard from the same year. Known to have been in Ottawa. Relative enquires. M4224

NORCOTT, Raymond Laurie—Member of crew of ship that sailed from Cape Town for Dakar and Montreal; paid off at Montreal Nov. 29, 1939. This man thought to be in Canada. Mother anxious. M4396

KOIVULA, Matti—Born in Jalasjärvi, Finland. Age 43 years; medium height; blond hair; blue eyes. Left Finland in 1927; last heard of in 1938, from Hearst. M4215

BRUCE, Clarence—Born in Manitoba. Age 27; height 5 ft. 6 ins.; dark brown hair; dark blue eyes; fair complexion; medium build. Missing since 1929. Mother anxious. M4237

HAYCOCK or WINKLEY, Emily Bessie—Of Dalston Lane,

North London, Eng. Age 40 years; dark; has only one eye; is about 5 ft. 6 ins. tall. Came to Canada in either 1924 or 1925. 2344

WARD, Mrs. Ethel—Widow. Age 60 years; is almost blind; wears very thick glasses. Friend very anxious to contact. 2346

DAVEY, Ma—Age 21 years; height 5 ft. 8 or 9 ins.; light-brown hair; brown eyes; wears glasses. Is a nurse. Whereabouts sought. 2320

GUNN, Mrs. Irja—Widow. Born in Viipuri, Finland. Age 29 years; dark hair. Left Finland some years ago. Was last heard from in February, 1940. Mother anxious for some word. 2315

PEARCE, Mrs. William (nee Mary "Molly" Byrnes)—Born in Ireland. Age 45 years. Last heard from in the spring of 1934. Husband was employed as stationary engineer at the Toronto Post Office in 1934; was also in the British Navy. Brother anxious for news. 2281

HODGEN, Mrs. Sarah—Has five children, William, Leonard, Hilda, Elsie, and Frank. Was known to have been living in Montreal, Que. Niece in the Old Country would like some word. 2297

MARTIN, Mrs. Jennie—Daughter, Louise, anxious to learn whereabouts. 2330

KJERTINGE, Mrs. Holger (nee Hilda Jordberg)—Born in Sainio, Finland. Age 30 years; brown hair and eyes. Left Finland in 1930; was last heard from in 1939. Mother in Finland anxious for word. 2336

PAGE, Mrs. Winnifred—Widow. Age 71 years; height 5 ft. 6 ins.; blue green eyes. Born in Lancashire, Eng. Last heard from when living in Bloomfield, Ont. Relatives anxious to learn whereabouts. 2249

DALZIEL, Mrs. Elizabeth (nee Greig)—Age 29 years; height 5 ft. 6 ins.; black hair; dark brown eyes; fresh complexion. Born in Berryhill, Lancashire. Was known to have been living in Winnipeg. Sister anxious for word. 2296

CHURCHILL, Miss Susan—Age 60 years; height 5 ft.; blue eyes. Was living in Hamilton, Ont. Relative anxious to learn whereabouts. 2349

BRICKENBERG, Mrs. Aila (nee Vahtera)—Born in Viipuri, Finland. Age 32 years; brown hair; blue-grey eyes. Left Finland fifteen years ago. Was last heard from in September, 1939; was then in Montreal. Mother in Finland very anxious concerning her. 2272

GOODCHILD, Florence (or relatives)—Daughter of Robert Goodchild who lived in Oshawa in 1875. Whereabouts sought. 2355

JOHNSTON, Rebecca Jane—Age 73 years; height 5 ft. 8 ins.; dark hair; dark complexion. Born in Flinton, County Tyrone, Ireland. Came to Canada about forty years ago. Brother would like some word as to whereabouts. 2353

SMILEY, Emily (married name not known)—Age between 35 and 40 years. Born in Belfast, Ireland. Has fair hair; blue eyes; height about 6 ft. Came to Canada in 1924, 1925, or 1926. Husband came from County Tyrone, Ireland. Now supposed to be living somewhere in Saskatchewan. Relative would like some word. 2322

KOSKINEN, Mrs. Uno (nee Sylvi Pontelin)—Born in Viipuri, Finland. Age 24 years; dark hair. Last heard from two years ago; was then living in Port Arthur, Ont. Sister in Finland anxious for word. 2280

RACE, Miss P.—Salvationist. Last heard from eleven years ago; was then living in Toronto. Brother in the Old Country anxious for word. 2253

(Continued from column 1)

Los Angeles I. His wife was at one time Young Peoples' Sergeant-Major at Riverdale, and is still a Soldier at Los Angeles. The funeral was conducted by Lieut.-Colonel White, also a former Canadian comrade, the ceremony combining both military and Salvation Army honors.

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The Salvation Soldier's Guide

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Address all communications to:

The Trade Secretary, 20 Albert St., Toronto, Ont.



BRANTFORD, Ont.—CKPC. Every Sunday, from 9.30 a.m. to 10 a.m. (E.D.S.T.) Devotional period with music by the Citadel Band.

CALGARY, Alta.—CJCL (700 kilos). Every Monday from 7.15 a.m. to 7.30 a.m. (M.D.S.T.) A devotional broadcast by the Riverside Corps.

CHATHAM, Ont.—CFCO. Every fourth Sunday, from 1.45 p.m. to 2.45 p.m. (E.D.S.T.) and every Saturday from 1.15 p.m. to 1.30 p.m. Devotional period.

EDMONTON, Alta.—CJAC. The third Thursday of each month from 4.30 p.m. to 5 p.m. (M.D.S.T.) A broadcast by the Edmonton Citadel Young People's Singing Company.

HALIFAX, N.S.—CHNS (930 kilos). CHNS (short wave 6110 kilos). Morning Devotions each Wednesday at 9.00 a.m.

NORTH BAY, Ont.—CFCH. Every Monday from 9 a.m. to 9.15 a.m. (E.D.S.T.) Devotional broadcast.

PRINCE ALBERT, Sask.—CKBL. Daily from 7.45 a.m. to 8 a.m. (M.D.S.T.) Devotional period.

SASKATOON, Sask.—CFCC (600 kilos). Every Tuesday from 8.30 p.m. to 9 p.m. (M.D.S.T.) A broadcast by the Band.

TIMMINS, Ont.—CKGB. Every Saturday from 7.15 a.m. to 7.30 a.m. (E.S.T.) Devotional period.

SAVED FROM SUICIDE

ROAMING the streets of London, Eng., looking for an opportunity to commit suicide, Stanley T. Keatley, 30, fitter, a native of Walsall, Staffs, entered an air-raid shelter (says a press dispatch).

There a Salvationist was preaching about the loved ones at home. Keatley changed his mind about suicide and returned to East Cowes, where his young wife, whom he married last June, was wondering what had happened.

EDITORIAL TRIBUTE

WITH deep respect for church and all charitable institutions, somehow we all more and more begin to realize the outstanding merits of The Salvation Army and to appreciate the great value of the work it does on our globe. There is hardly any country where The Army is not now doing its share towards the alleviation of sorrow and suffering. And we know what they are doing for our own country in cities, towns and rural districts as well as in our camps. Non-denominational, they truly seek all the lost, feed the hungry and clothe the naked to the greatest extent of their resources. Faith, Hope and Charity, yes. And the greatest of these is charity. May our hearts and purses be open to the call of this Organization.

The Outlook, Outlook, Sask.

AN Invitation To You

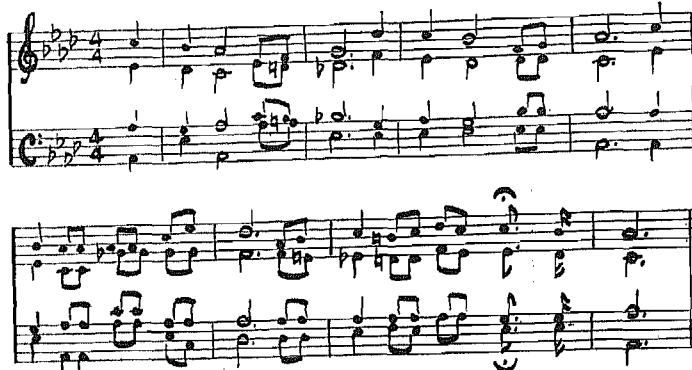
A cordial welcome awaits you at the nearest Salvation Army Hall. Why not drop in some time and enjoy the bright singing and friendly atmosphere. If lonely, or discouraged, or in need of counsel, consult the Corps Officer

"Come thou with us, and we will do thee good." Num. 10:29

Songs That Bless And Inspire

A Chorus for the New Year

By MAJOR GEORGE MUNDY



In God's hand place your own, Seek guidance from His Throne;
Step forward in paths you may not know; Put your hand in your Father's hand, and go!

MY AIN COUNTRIE

I am far frae my hame an' I'm
weary aften whiles
For the langed for hame bringing
an' my Faithers welcome
smiles.
I'll ne'er be fu' content until mine
eyes do see
The shinin' gates o' heaven an'
mine ain countrie.

The airt' is flecked wi' flowers
mony tinted, frish an' gay;
The birdies warble blithely, for my
Faither made them sae;
But these sights an' these soun's
will naething be to me
When I hear the angels singin' in
my ain countrie.

I've His gude words o' promise that
some gladsome day, the King
To His ain royal palace His ban-
ished hame will bring;
Wi' een an' wi' hert rinnin' owre,
we shall see
The King in His beauty, in oor ain
countrie.

My sins hae been mony, an' my
sorrows hae been sair,
But there they'll never vex me, nor
be remembered mair;
For His bluid has made me white,
an' His han' shall dry my e'e,
When He brings me home at last,
to my ain countrie.

'TIS I WHO LEAD THE WAY

Tune: "Ellers"

How wonderful it is to walk with
God
Along the road that holy men have
trod;
How wonderful it is to hear Him
say:
"Fear not, have faith, 'tis I who
lead the way!"

How wonderful it is to walk with
God,
When cares sweep o'er my spirit
like a flood;
How wonderful it is to hear His
voice,
For when He speaks the desert
lands rejoice!

How wonderful it is to praise my
God,
Who comforts and protects me with
His rod;
How wonderful to praise Him every
hour,
My heart attuned to sing His won-
drous power!

HE IS THE SAME

Tune: "Hold the Fort."

Yesterday, to-day, for ever,
Jesus is the same;
We may change, but Jesus never;
Glory to His name!

Send In Your Requests

UNLOCKING THE BIBLE

Teaching Chinese to Read by Phonetic Script

(From the Crusader, Peking)

READING after two weeks! Can it be true? Have we heard correctly? Surely our visitor is over-optimistic; such a feat is well-nigh impossible with illiterate women. In spite of our doubting and hesitancy, Miss Dinwoody, of the United Church of Canada, once again reiterates the good news and we settle down to hear how it is to be accomplished.

Miss Dinwoody has appreciated and taught the Phonetic Script for a number of years, and during a call at The Army's Headquarters in Peking she asked if we could provide her with a small class of illiterate women in order to prove to us that it was possible for them to read after a period of two weeks.

A few women gathered for a daily class and while they were "sounding out" words, the women Officers present were taking notes and writing the script as it was

given out in the lessons. Pressing engagements made it impossible for our friend to complete the two weeks of instruction but Mrs. Adjutant Yin Hung-shun kindly came to our aid and very ably carried on Miss Dinwoody's good work.

Mrs. Major Eacott (a Canadian Missionary Officer) saw signs of real progress and very generously told the women that she would present them with a New Testament as soon as the small lesson book was read satisfactorily. A few days later, as we were leaving the Hall, one young woman called out with a smile, "Mrs. Eacott, could I not have the New Testament right now? I have so longed to read the Bible, and now there is a hope at last."

At the end of the two weeks we heard the class reading slowly and carefully, "I am the Good Shepherd; the Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep."

CLEAN AND WHITE

Are the Pages of the New Year

TIME is divided into three continents. Upon two of them we have already lived. Whether we shall explore the third only He knows who holds our times in His great hand. Yesterday we may have failed. Be not discouraged. Let past failure warn us concerning future dangers. We shall guard the pit into which we may have fallen with more jealous care.

To-day is upon us. Its temptations, trials, sorrows, and joys we cannot ignore—we would not if we could. May we not weave all these experiences into garments of beauty and strength.

We ought to be truer to-day than we were yesterday.

To-morrow! We may not see it. Who knows? It may be eternity. Who can tell? If, however, to-morrow comes to us the day will come with record clean and white from the hands of Him who loves to think and plan for us. By Him we will be fitted for its burden. In Him we may keep to-morrow's record clean.—Adjutant F. Moulton, Calgary Citadel.